FRANCIS QUARLES.
Ætatis Suæ 52.

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# DIVINE FANCIES,

Digested

Into { EPIGRAMS, MEDITATIONS, and OBSERVATIONS.

By FRAN. QUARLES.

The sixth Edition, Corrected.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. R.* for *John Williams*, at the *Crown* in Cross-Keys-Court, in *Little-Britain*, 1671.

9-11-70 - avi

TO THE

# ROYAL BUD

Of MAJESTY, and *Center* of our Hopes and Happineſs,

## *CHARLES*,

PRINCE of Great *Brittain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Son and Heir apparent to the High and Mighty *CHARLES*, by the Grace of God, King of Great *Brittain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, &c.

Illuſtrious Infant,

*GIve me leave to acknowledge my ſelf thy* Servant, *ere thou knoweſt thy ſelf my Prince: My Zeal*

*burns me, and my* desires *are impatient: My breeding-* Muse *longs for* green fruit, *and cannot stay thy* ripeness: Sweet Babe; *The Loyalty of my Service makes bold to consecrate these early Leaves to thy sacred* Infancy, *not knowing how to glorifie themselves more, than by the Patronage of such Princely* Innocency. *Model of Sweetness; Let thy busie Fingers entertain this slender Present, and let thy harmless Smiles crown it: When thy Infancy hath crackt the* Shel, *let thy Childhood taste*

*the*

*the* Kernel; *In the mean while, let thy little hands, and eyes peruſe it: Lug it in thy tender Arms, and and lay thy burthen at thy Royal* Parents *feet, for whoſe ſake it may gain ſome honour from their glorious* Eyes. *Heaven bleſs thy youth with* Grace, *and crown thine Age with* Glory: *Angels conduct thee from the* Cradle *to the* Crown: *Let the* English Roſe, *and the* French Lilly *flouriſh in thy lovely* Cheek: *And let their united* colours *preſage an everlaſting* League. *Let the Eminent* Qualities *of both*

*both thy renowned* Grand-Fathers *meet in thy Princely heart, that thou mayest in* Peace *be Honourable; and in* Warr *Victorious. And let the great addition of thy Royal Parents* Virtues *make thee up a most incomparable* Prince, *the firm* Pillar *of our happiness, and the future* Object *of the Worlds wonder.*

Expected and prayed for

*by Your Highnesse's*

Most Loyal *and*

*humble Servant,*

FRA. QUARLES.

TO

To the Right Honourable, and truly Vertuous Lady, *MARY* Countess of *Dorset*, Governess to that Royal Infant, *CHARLES*, Prince of Great *Brittain*, *France* and *Ireland*; the Mirrour of unstained Honour.

*Most excellent Lady,*

YOu are the *Star* which stands over the Place where the *Babe* lies; By whose directions *light*, I come from the *East*, to present my *Myrrh* and *Frankincense*, to the *young Child*: Let not our Royal Jo-

JOSEPH, nor his Princely MARY be afraid; there are no *Herods* here; We have all seen his *Star* in the East, and have rejoyced: Our loyal hearts are full; for our eyes have seen him, in whom our Posterity shall be blessed: To him, *most Honorable Lady*, I address my thoughts; To *Him*, I presume to consecrate these Lines; which, since it hath pleased our gracious Soveraign to appoint You the *Governess* of his

 Royal

Royal *Infancy*, I have made bold to present first, to your noble Hands; not daring in my very thoughts, to dis-joyn, whom his Sacred *Majesty*, in so great Wisdom hath put together; or consider severally, where his *Highness* hath made so inviolable a Relation. *Madam*, May your Honours increase with your hours, and let eternal Glory crown your *Virtues*; that when this *Age* shall sleep

in Dust, our *Children*, yet unborn, may *honour* your glorious Memory, under the happiness of His Government, whose *Governess* you are; which shall be daily the Subject of his Prayers, who is

*The sworn Servant of your Ladiships Perfections,*

FRA. QUARLES.

TO

# To the Readers.

*Readers, I will not (like one that knows the ſtrength of his own* Muſe*) commit* Rape *upon your* Underſtandings, *nor rail at your* Ignorances, *if our wits jump not: I have written at my own peril; underſtand you at your own pleaſures: I have not ſo little* Man *in me, as to want my faults; nor ſo much* Fool *in me, as to think it; nor ſo little* Modeſty, *as to ſwear it; nor ſo much* Child *in me, as to whine at* Zoilus: *My requeſt is, That the faultleſs hand may caſt the firſt* Stone; *So although I cannot avoid the common Lot of man,* Errour,

*I may eſcape the puniſhment of the Common man,* Cenſure.

*I here preſent thee with a* Hive of Bees; *laden ſome with* Wax, *and ſome with* Honey: *Fear not to approach; There are no* Waſps, *there are no* Hornets *here: If ſome wanton* Bee *ſhould chance to buzze about thine ears, ſtand thy Ground, and hold thy hands: There is none will ſting thee, if thou ſtrike not firſt: If any do, ſhe hath* Honey *in her* Bag, *and will cure thee too. In plainer terms, I preſent thee with a Book of* Fancies: *Among which, as I have none to boaſt of; ſo (I hope) I ſhall have none to bluſh at. All cannot affect all: If ſome pleaſe all, or all ſome, it is more then I expect. I had once thought to have melted the* Title, *and caſt it into ſeveral Books, and have lodg'd* Obſervations, Meditations, *and* Epigrams *by themſelves, but new thoughts have taken place: I have required no help of Herald, either to place, or to proclaim them.* Cards *well ſtuffed, are moſt fit for* Gameſters; *And oftentimes, the paſtime of* Diſcovery, *adds pleaſure*

*to*

*to the* Enjoyment: *The Generous* Faulkner *had rather retrive his* Patridge *in the open fields, then meet her in his covered Dish. Only this: When you read a* Meditation, *let me entreat thee, to forget an* Epigram.

*Farewell.*

# AD
# *LECTORES*
# Utriusque Generis.

Candide, *si mala sint nostra inter carmina, parce;*
*Et bona si qua sint,* Zoile, *parco tibi.*

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THE END.

## TO GOD.

*GLorious, and Great; whoſe power did divide*
*The* Waves, *& made them* Walls *on either ſide;*
*That didſt appear in* Cloven Tongues *of* Fire:
*Divide my thoughts; and with thy Self inſpire*
*My ſoul;* O *cleave my* Tongue, *and make it ſcatter*
*Various* Expreſſions *in a various* Matter:
*Than like the painful* Bee, *I may derive*
*From ſundry* Flowrs *to ſtore my ſlender* Hive;
Yet may my thoughts, *not ſo divided be,*
*But they may mix again, and fix in* Thee.

# DIVINE FANCIES.

Digested

Into { EPIGRAMS, MEDITATIONS, and OBSERVATIONS.

## The First Book.

### I. *On the Musick of Organs.*

OBserve this *Organ*: Mark but how it goes:
'Tis not the hand of him alone that blows
The unseen *Bellows*; nor the hand that playes
Upon the apparant note-dividing *Keyes*,
That makes the well-composed *Airs* appear
Before the high *Tribunal* of thine ear:
They both concurr: Each acts his several part:
Th'one gives it *Breath*; the other lends it *Art*.

*Man* is this Organ: to whose every action
Heaven gives a *Breath*, (a Breath without *coaction*:)
Without which *Blast* we cannot act at all;
Without which Breath the *Vniverse* must fall
To the first *Nothing* it was made of: seeing
In *Him* we *live*, we *move*, and have our *being*:
Thus fill'd with his Diviner *breath*, and backt
With his first power, we touch the *Key*'s and act:
He blows the *Bellows*: As we thrive in skill,
Our *Actions* prove, like Musick, *Good* or *Ill*.

## II. *On the contingency of Actions.*

I Saw him dead; I saw his body fall
Before deaths *dart*, whom tears must not recall
Yet is he not so dead, but that his *Day*
Might have been lengthen'd, had th'untrodden way
To life been found: he might have rose again,
If *something* had, or *something* had not bin:
What mine sees past, heaven's *eyes* foresaw to come;
He saw, how that *contingent* Act should sum
The total of his dayes: his knowing Eye
(As mine doth see him dead) saw he should die
That very fatal hour; yet saw his death,
Not so, so Necessary, but his breath
Might be enlarg'd unto a longer date,
Had he neglected *this*, or taken that:
All times to heav'n are *now*, both first and last;
He sees things *present*, as we see them past.

## III. *On the Sacraments.*

THe *Loaves* of *Bread* were five, the *Fishes* two,
Whereof the multitude was made partaker.
Who made the *Fishes*? God: But tell me, who
Gave being to the *Loaves* of Bread? the *Baker*:

Ev'n

Ev'n to these Sacraments which some call seven,
Five were ordain'd by *Man*, and two by *Heaven*.

## IV. *On the Infancy of our Saviour.*

HAyl blessed *Virgin*, full of heavenly *Grace*,
Blest above all that sprang from humane race,
Whose Heav'n-saluted *Womb* brought forth in *One*
A blessed *Saviour*, and a blessed *Son*:
O! what a ravishment 't had been to see
Thy little *Saviour* perking on thy *Knee*!
To see him nuzzel in thy *Virgin*-Breast;
His milk-white body all unclad, undrest!
To see thy busie fingers cloath and wrap
His spreading limbs in thy indulgent *Lap*!
To see his desp'rate *Eyes*, with childish grace,
Smiling upon his smiling Mother's face!
And when his forward strength began to bloom,
To see him *diddle* up and down the Room!
O, who would think, so sweet a *Babe* as this,
Should ere be slain by a false-hearted *Kiss*!
Had I a *Rag*, if sure thy body wore it,
Pardon sweet *Babe*, I think I should adore it:
Till then, O grant this Boon (a Boon far dearer)
The *Weed* not being, I may adore the *Wearer*.

## V. *On* Judas Iscariot.

WE rail at *Judas*, him that did betray
The *Lord* of life; yet do it, *day by day*.

## VI. *On the Life and Death of Man.*

THe world's a *Theater*; the Earth a *Stage*
Plac'd in the midst; whereon both *Prince* and *Page*,

Both *rich* and *poor*, *fool*, *wiseman*, *base* and *high*,
All act their *Parts* in Life's short *Tragedie*:
Our Life's a Tragedy, those secret *Rooms*
Wherein we tire us, are our Mothers *Wombs*:
The *Musick* ush'ring in the *Play*, is Mirth
To see a *Man child* brought upon the Earth:
That fainting gasp of *Breath* which first we vent,
*Is a dumb-shew*, presents the *Argument*:
Our *new-born cries*, that new-born *grief*, bewray;
Is the sad *Prologue* of th'ensuing *Play*:
False *hopes*, true *fears*, vain *joyes*, and fierce *distracts*,
Are like the *Musick* that divides the *Acts*:
*Time* holds the *glass*, and when the hour's run,
*Death* strikes the *Epilogue*, and the *Play* is done.

## VII. *On the seven liberal Sciences of a Christian.*

### *Grammar.*

IT is an *Art*, that teaches not t'excell
In writing, speaking, as in *doing well*.

### *Logick.*

IT is an *Art*, sometimes of plotting *treason*
Against the *crown* and *dignity* of *Reason*.

### *Rhetorick.*

IT is an *Art*, whereby he learns t'increase
His knowledge of the time, to *Hold his peace*.

### *Arithmetick.*

IT is an *Art*, that makes him apt to raise,
And number out Gods *Blessings*, and his *Dayes*.

*Musick*

*Muſick.*

IT is a potent *Science*, that infringes (ges.
Strong *Priſon*-doors, and heavs them from their hind-

*Aſtronomy.*

IT is an *Art* of taking out the *Lead*
From his dull *Brows*, and lifting up the *Head*.

*Geometry.*

IT is an *Art* inſtructs him how to have
The world in ſcorn, and meaſure out his Grave:

VIII. *Chriſts four Houſes.*

HIs firſt Houſe was the bleſſed Virgins *Womb*;
The next, a *Cratch*; the third, a *Croſs*; the fourth, a
(*Tomb*.

IX. *Of Light and Heat.*

(bright,
MArk but the Sun-beams; when they ſhine moſt
They lend this lower world both heat and light:
They both are Children of the ſelf-ſame Mother,
*Twins*; not ſubſiſting one without the other;
They both conſpire unto the *common good*,
When in their proper places underſtood:
Is't not rebellion againſt *Senſe* to ſay,
*Light* helps to quicken: or, the beams of day
May lend a *Heat*, and yet no light at all?
'Tis true, ſome obvious *Shade* may chance to fall
Upon the quickned *Plant*, yet not ſo great,
To quench the operation of the *Heat*:

The *Heat*, cannot be parted from the *Light*,
Nor yet the *Light* from *Heat*; They neither might
Be mingled in the *Act*, nor found asunder.
Distinguish now, fond man: or stay and wonder.
Know then;
Their virtues differ, though themselves agree,
*Heat* vivifies; *Light* gives man power to see
The thing so vivified: no *Light*, no *Heat*:
And where the *heat*'s but small, the *light*'s not great.
They are inseparable and sworn *Lovers*,
Yet differing thus; *that* quickens, *this* discovers:
Within these lines a sacred Myst'ry lurks:
The *heat* resembles *Faith*; the *light*, *Good works*.

## X. *On* Judas Iscariot.

SOme curse that Traitor *Judas* life and limb;
God knows, some curse themselves in cursing him.

## XI. *On the possession of the Swine.*

WHen as our blessed *Saviour* did un-devil
The man possest, the Spirits, in conclusion,
Entred the *Swine* (being active still in evil)
And drove them headlong to their own confusion.
*Drunkards* beware, and be advised then,
They'l find you as y'are *Swine*, *if not* as *Men*.

## XII. *On a Sun-Dial.*

THe Horizontal *Dial* can bewray
To the sad *Pilgrim* the hour of the *Day*:
But if the *Sun* appear not his Adviser,
His eye may look, yet he prove ne're the wiser:
Alas, alas! there's nothing can appear,
But onely *Types*, and shadow'd *Figures* there,

This

This Dial is the *Scripture*, and the Sun,
Gods holy *Spirit*, *We*, the lookers on:
Alas, that ſacred *Letter*, which we read,
Without the *Quickning* of the *Spirit's* dead:
The knowledge of our *Peace* improves no better;
Than if our eyes had not beheld a Letter:
I, but this glorious *Sun* ſhines always bright:
I, but we often ſtand in our own light.
Uſe then the day, for when the day is gone,
There will be *darkneſs*; there will be no Sun.

## XIII. *On the three Chriſtian Graces.*

### *Faith.*

IT is a *Grace*, that teacheth to deprave not
The *goods* we have; to *have* the *goods* we have not.

### *Hope.*

IT is a *Grace* that keeps th'Almighty blameleſs
In long delay: And men (in begging) ſhameleſs.

### *Charity.*

IT is a *Grace*, or Art to get a Living,
By ſelling Land; and to grow rich, by giving.

## XIV. *On a Feaſt.*

THe *Lord* of Heav'n and Earth has made a *Feaſt*,
And ev'ry *Soul* is an invited Gueſt;
The *Word's* the food; the *Levites* are the Cooks;
The Fathers Writings are the *Diet-Books*;
But ſeldome us'd; for 'tis a faſhion grown,
To recommend made *Diſhes* of their own;

What they should *boyl*, they *bake*; what *roſt*, they *broil*:
Their luſhious *Sallats* are too ſweet with *oyle*:
In brief, 'tis now a dayes too great a fault,
T' have too much *Pepper*, and too little *Salt*.

## XV. *On* Dives.

THat drop-requeſting *Dives* did deſire
His Brothers might have warning of that *Fire*,
Whoſe flames he felt: Could he, a Fiend, with well
To man? What, is there Charity in Hell?
Each ſoul that's damned is a *Brand* of fire,
To make Hell ſo much hotter; And the nigher
In blood or love they be, that are tormented,
The more their pains and torments are augmented:
No wonder then, if *Dives* did deſire,
His brother might have warning of that Fire.

## XVI. *On outward ſhew.*

IUdge not that *Field*, becauſe 'tis Stubble;
Nor him that's poor, and full of trouble:
Though th'one look bare, the t'other thin,
Judge not; their *Treaſure* is within.

## XVII. *On the reading of the Scriptures.*

IN reading of the Sacred *Writ*, beware,
Thou climb no *ſtile*, when as a *gap* ſtands fair.

## XVIII. *On the Life of Man.*

OUr Life's the *Model* of a Winter's day;
Our Soul's the *Sun*, whoſe faint and feeble *Ray*
Gives our Earth light, a *light* but weak, at ſtrongeſt;
But low, at higheſt; very ſhort, at longeſt:

The

The childish tears that from our eyes do pass,
Is like the *Dew* that pearls the morning grass:
When as our *Sun* is but an hour high,
We go to *School*, to learn; are *Whipt*, and cry:
We truant up and down; we make a spoil
Of precious time, and sport in our own toil:
Our Bed's the quiet *Grave*, wherein we lay
Our weary Bodies tyred with the Day:
The early *Trumpet*, like the morning Bell:
Calls to account: where they that have learn'd well,
Shall find *Reward*; and such as have misspent
Their time shall reap an earned punishment.
No wonder then to see the *Sluggard's* eyes,
So loath to go to Bed, so loath to rise.

## XIX. *On the Crowing of a Cock.*

THe Crowing of a Cock doth oft fore-show
A change of Weather; *Peter* found it so:
The *Cock* no sooner crew, but by and by
He found a change of *Weather* in his eye.
'Tis an easie thing to say, and to swear too,
We'l die for Christ; but 'tis as hard to do.

## XX. *On Mammon.*

*Mammon's* grown rich: does *Mammon boast of that?*
The stalled *Ox*, as well may boast Hee's fat.

## XXI. *On Church-contemners.*

THose *Church-Contemners*, that can easily waigh
The profit of a *Sermon* with a *Play*;
Whose testy stomacks can digest as well,
A profest Injury, as a Sermon-Bell;

That lay unwonted *Pray'rs* with the like wills,
As queezie Patients take their loathed *Pills*;
To what extremity would they be driven,
If God, in Iudgment should but give them Heav'n?

## XXII. *On* Morus.

HE is no *Flemming*; for he cannot *swill*:
No *Roman*; for his stomack's fleshly still;
He cannot be a *Iew*; he was *baptiz'd*:
Nor yet a *Gentile*, he was *circumciz'd*:
He is no true man; for he lies a-trot:
*Prophane* he is not; for he swears ye not:
What is he then? One Feast without a *Bill*,
Shall make him all; or, which of all ye will.

## XXIII. *On the Hypocrite.*

NO mans condition is so base as his,
None more accurs'd than *he*: for *Man* esteems
Him hateful, 'cause he seems not what he is:
God hates him, 'cause he is not what he seems.
What grief is absent, or what mischief can
Be added to the hate of *God* and *Man*!

## XXIV. *On a Pilgrim.*

THe weary *Pilgrim*, oft, doth ask, and know,
How far he's come; how far he has to go;
His Way is tedious, and his Way oppreſt,
And his desire is to be at his *Rest*.
Our life's a *Warfare*; yet fond Man delays
T'enquire out the number of his *Days*;
He cares not, He, how slow his howers spend;
His Iourn'ys better than his Iournies end.

XXV. *On*

## XXV. *On the Needle of a Sun-Dial.*

BEhold this Needle, when the *Artick* ſtone
Hath touch'd it, how it trembles up and down,
Hunts for the *Pole*; and cannot be poſſeſt
Of peace, until it find that point, that reſt:
Such is the *heart* of man: which when it hath
Attain'd the virtue of a lively faith,
It finds no reſt on earth, makes no abode,
In any object, but his *Heaven*, his *God*.

## XXVI. *On Affliction.*

WHen thou afflict's me, Lord, if I repine
I ſhew my ſelf to be my own, not thine.

## XXVII. *On a Sun-Dial.*

GO, light the *Candle*: By that light make tryal,
How the night ſpends it ſelf, by the *Sun-Dial*;
Go, ſearch the *Scripture*, Labour to encreaſe
In the diviner knowledge of thy *Peace*,
By thy own light, derived from thy Mother:
Thou mayſt as eas'ly do the one, as t'other.

## XXVIII. *On* PETER.

WHen walking *Peter* was about to ſink
In the Sea, In what a caſe, d'ye think,
H'ad been, if he had truſted his complaint
To th'interceſſion of ſome helpful *Saint*?
Believe it, if *Romes* doctrine had been found
And ſoundly follow'd, *Peter* had been drown'd.

XXIX. *On*

## XXIX. *On Merits.*

Fie! *Rome's* abus'd: Can any be thought able
To merit Heav'n by *works*? 'tis a meer fable.
If so: stout *Rome* had never been so faint
To move her suite by a collateral *Saint*.

## XXX. *On* Servio.

*Servio* serves God; *Servio* has bare relation,
Not to Gods *glory*, but his own *salvation*:
*Servio* serves God for life; *Servio*, 'tis well:
*Servio* may find the cooler place in Hell.

## XXXI. *A Soliloquie.*

WHere shall I find my God? O where, O where,
Shall I direct my steps to find him there?
Shall I make search in swelling bags of *Coin*?
Ah no; for *God* and *Mammon* cannot joyn:
Do beds of *Down* contain this heavenly Stranger?
No, no, He's rather cradled in some *Manger*:
Dwels he in wisdom? Is he gone that road?
No, no, Mans Wisdom's foolishness with God:
Or hath some new *Plantation*, yet unknown,
Made him their King, adorn'd him with their *Crown*?
No, no, the Kingdoms of the earth think scorn
T'adorn his Brows with any *Crown* but *Thorn*.
Where shall I trace, or, where shall I go wind him?
My Lord is gone; and O! I cannot find him:
I'le ransack the dark *Dungeons*, I'le enquire
Into the *Furnace* after the sev'nth fire:
I'le seek in *Daniels* Den, and in *Paul's* Prison;
I'le search his *grave*, and see if he be risen:

I'le

I'le go to th' house of *mourning*; and I'le call
At every alms abused *Hospital*:
I'le go and ask the *Widdow* that's oppreſt?
The heavy laden that inquireth reſt.
I'le ſearch the corners of all broken *hearts*;
The wounded *Conſcience*, and the *ſoul* that *ſmarts*.
The *Contrite Spirit* fill'd with filial fear;
I, there he is, and no where elſe but there:
Spare not to ſcourge thy pleaſure, O my God,
So I may find thy *preſence* with thy *Rod*.

## XXXII. *On* Daniel *in the Den.*

FIerce *Lions* roaring for their prey! and then
*Daniel* thrown in! and *Daniel* yet remain
Alive! There was a *Lion*, in the *Den*,
Was *Daniel's* friend, or *Daniel* had been ſlain.
Among ten thouſand *Lions*, I'de not fear,
Had I but only *Daniel's Lion* there.

## XXXIII. *On thoſe that deſerve it.*

O When our Clergy, at the dreadful *Day*,
Shall make their audit; when the *judge* ſhall ſay
Give your accounts: what, have my lambs been fed?
Say, do they all ſtand ſound? Is there none dead
By your defaults? Come Shepheards bring them forth
That I may crown your labours in their worth.
O what an anſwer will be given by ſome!
We have been ſilenc'd. Canons ſtruck us dumb;
The Great ones would not let us feed thy flock,
Unleſs we play'd the fools and wore a Frock:
We were forbid unleſs we'd yield to ſign
And croſs their *Brows*, they ſay, *a mark of thine*,
To ſay the truth, great Judg, they were not fed,
Lord, here they be; but Lord, they be all dead,

Ah

Ah cruel Shepherds! Could your conscience serve
Not to be fools, and yet to let them starve?
What if your Fiery spirit had been bound
To Antick habits, or your heads been *crown'd*
With *Peacocks* Plumes; had ye been forc'd to feed
Your Saviours dear bought Flock in a fools *weed*:
He that was scorn'd, revil'd, endur'd the *Curse*
Of a base death, in your behalfs; nay worse,
Swallow'd the cup of Wrath, charg'd up to th'*brim*;
Durst you not stoop to play the fools for him.

## XXXIV. *Do this and live.*

*Do this and live*? 'Tis true, great God, then who
Can hope for life? for who hath power to *Do*?
Art thou not able? is thy task too great?
Canst thou desire help? canst thou intreat
Aid from a stronger Arm? Canst thou conceive
Thy *Helper* strong enough? Canst thou believe
The sufferings of thy dying Lord can give
Thy drooping shoulders rest? *Do this and live.*

## XXXV. *On Joseph and his Mistress.*

When as the *Ægyptian Lady* did invite
Well favour'd *Joseph* to unchast delight,
How well the motion and the place agreed!
A beastly *place*, and 'twas a beastly *Deed*:
A place well season'd for so foul a sin;
Too sweet to serve so foul a Master in.

## XXXVI. *On Scriptum est.*

Some words excel in virtue, and discover
A rare conclusion, thrice repeated over:

Out

Our *Saviour* thrice was tempted: thrice repreſt
Th'aſſaulting *tempter* with thrice *Scriptum eſt.*
If thou wouldſt keep thy ſoul ſecure from harm,
Thou know'ſt thy words: It is a potent *Charm.*

## XXXVII. *On the flouriſhing of the Goſpel.*

HOw do our *Paſtures* flouriſh, and refreſh
Our uberous *Kine*, ſo fair, ſo full of fleſh!
How do our thriving *Cattel* feed our young
With plenteous *Milk*; and with their *fleſh* the ſtrong!
Heavens bleſs our *Charles*, as he did our late *Iames*,
From *Pharoh's* troubles, and from *Pharoh's Dreams.*

## XXXVIII. *On* Joſeph's *Speech to his Brethren.*

GO fetch your *Brother* (ſaith th'*Ægyptian* Lord)
If you intend our Garners ſhall afford
Your craving wants their ſo deſir'd ſupplies;
If *He* come not, by *Pharoh's* life y'are *Spies*:
Ev'n as your ſuits expect to find our Grace,
Bring *Him*, or dare not to behold my face:
Some little food to ſerve you on the way,
We here allow, but not to feed delay;
When you preſent your *Brother* to our hand,
Ye ſhall have plenty and poſſeſs the Land,
Away, and let your quick obedience give
The earneſt of your Faiths, Do this and live.
If not, your wilful wants muſt want ſupply,
For ye are *Spies*, and ye ſhall ſurely die:
Great God, the *Ægyptian* Lord reſembles *Thee*,
The Brother's *Ieſus*, and the Suiters *Wee.*

## XXXIX. *Of common Devotion.*

OUr God and *Souldiers*, we alike adore,
Ev'n at the Brink of danger, not before:
After deliverance both alike requited;
Our *God*'s forgotten, and our *Souldier*'s slighted.

## XL. *On the day of Judgment.*

O When shall that time come, when the loud *Trump*
Shall wake thy sleeping Ashes from the Dump
Of their sad *Urn*! that blessed *Day* where-in
My glorifi'd, my metamorphiz'd, Skin
Shall circumplex and terminate that fresh
And new-refined substance of this flesh!
When my transparent Flesh discharg'd from groans
And pains, shall hang upon new polisht *Bones*!
When as my body shall re-entertain
Her cleansed Soul, and never part again!
When as my soul shall, by a new Indenture,
Possess her new-built *House*, come down and enter!
When as my body and my soul shall plight
Inviolable Faith, and never fight
Nor wrangle more, nor altercate agin,
About the strife-begetting question, *Sin*!
When Soul and Body shall receive their Doom
Of *O ye blessed of my Father, Come*!
When death shall be exil'd, and damn'd to dwell
Within her proper and true Center, *Hell*!
Where that old *Tempter* shall be bound in Chains,
And overwhelm'd with everlasting pains;
While I shall sit, and, in full Glory, sing
Perpetual *Anthems* to my *Judge*, my *King*.

XLI. *On*

## XLI. *On Death.*

WHy should we not as well desire *Death*,
As Sleep? No difference, but a little Breath?
Tis all but *Rest*; 'tis all but a Releasing?
Our tyr'd limbs; Why then not alike pleasing?
Being burthen'd with the sorrows of the *Day*,
We wish for night; which being come, we lay
Our body down: yet, when our very Breath
Is irksome to us, w'are affraid of *Death*.
Our *Sleep* is oft accompanied with Frights,
Distracting Dreams, and dangers of the nights;
When in the Sheets of *Death*, our Body's lute
From all such evils, and we sleep secure.
What matter, *Down*, or *Earth*? what Boots it whether?
Alas, our body 's sensible of neither.
Things that are senseless feel not pains not ease;
Tell me, and why not *Worms* as well as *Fleas*?
In *Sleep*; we know not whether our clos'd eyes
Shall ever wake; from *Death*, w'are sure to rise:
I, but 'tis long first: O, is that our fears?
Dare we trust God for *Nights*? and not for *Years*?

## XLII. *On the Body of Man.*

MAns body's like a *House*: His greater *Bones*,
Are the main *Timber*; and the lesser Ones,
Are smaller *Splints*: His ribs are *Laths*, dawb'd ov'r
Plaster'd with *flesh* and *blood*: his mouth's the *Door*:
His throat's the narrow *Entry*: and his heart
Is the *Great Chamber*, full of curious Art;
His *Midriff* is a large partition-*Wall*,
'Twixt the *Great Chamber*, and the spacious *Hall*:
His *Stomack* is the *Kitchin*, where the Meat
Is often but half sod, for want of *Heat*:

His Spleen's a *Vessel*, Nature doth allot,
To take the *skum* that rises from the Pot.
His Lungs are like the *Bellows* that respire
In ev'ry office, quickning ev'ry fire.
His Nose, the *Chimney* is, whereby are vented
Such Fumes as with the *Bellows* are augmented:
His Bowels are the *Sink*, whose part's to drain
All noisome filth, and keep the *Kitchin* clean.
His eyes like Crystal *Windows*, clear and bright
Lets in the *Object*, and lets out the *sight*:
And as the *Timber* is, or great or small,
Or strong or weak, 'tis apt to stand or fall,
Yet is the likeliest building sometimes known,
To fall by obvious Chances overthrown
Oftimes by Tempests, by the full mouth'd *Blasts*
Of Heav'n; Sometimes by fire; Sometimes it wasts
Through unadvis'd *neglect*: Put case, the *stuff*
Were ruin-proof, by nature strong enough,
To conquer *Time* and *Age*: Put case, it should
Ne'r know an end; Alas, our *Leases* would.
What hast thou then, proud *flesh* and *blood*, to boast?
Thy dayes are evil at the best, but few at most;
But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strongest;
Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest.

## XLIII. *On the young man in the Gospel.*

HOw well our *Saviour* and the *landed-Youth*
Agreed a little while? And, to say truth,
Had he had will and power in his hand,
To keep the *Law*, but as he kept his *Land*;
No doubt, his soul had found the sweet fruition
Of his own choise desires without petition:
But he must *Sell* and *Follow*, or else not
Obtain his Heaven; O now, his Heart 'gan hot;

He

He cannot stay, he has no business there:
Hee'l rather miss, then buy his Heav'n too dear:
*When Broth's too hot for hasty Hounds, how they*
*Will lick their scalded lips and sneak away!*

## XLIV. *On Mans goodness, and Gods love.*

GOd loves not man, because that man is good;
For man is sinful, because flesh and blood:
We argue false: it rather may behove us,
To think us *good*, 'cause God thinks good to love us;
He that shall argue up from Man to God,
Takes but the pains to gather his own *Rod*:
Who from such Premisses, shall draw a *Conclusion*,
Makes but a *Syllogism* of his own confusion.

## XLV. *On Mans Plea.*

MAns *Plea* to *Man*, is, that he never more
Will beg, and that he never begg'd before:
Mans plea to God, is, that he did obtain
A former Suit, and therefore sues again.
How good a God we serve; that when we sue
Takes his old gifts th'examples of his new!

## XLVI. *On Furio.*

WFurio will not forgive; *Furio* beware:
*Furio* will curse himself in the *Lords Prayer*.

## XLVII. *On Martha and Mary.*

MArtha with joy, receiv'd her blessed Lord,
Her Lord she welcoms, feasts, and entertains:
*Mary* sat silent, hears, but speaks no word.
*Martha* takes all, and *Mary* takes no pains!

*Mary*'s to hear; to feast him, *Martha*'s care is:
Now which is greater *Martha*'s love or *Mary*'s?

*Martha* is full of trouble to prepare,
*Martha* respects his good beyond her own;
*Mary* sits still at ease, and takes no care,
*Mary* desires to please her self alone.
The pleasure's *Maries*, *Martha*'s all the care is,
Now which is greater, *Martha*'s love or *Mary*'s?

'Tis true, our blessed Lord was *Martha*'s Guest,
*Mary* was His, and in his feast delighted,
Now which hath greater reason to love best,
The bountiful Invitor, or the invited?
Sure, both lov'd well; But *Mary* was the debter,
And therefore should, in reason, love the better.

*Marie*'s was spiritual, *Martha*'s love was carnal;
Th'one kist his hand, the other, but the Glove;
As far as mortal is beneath eternal,
So far is *Martha*'s less than *Mary*'s love.
How blest is he, great God whose heart remembers
*Mary*'s to thee, and *Martha*'s to thy Members!

## XLVIII. *On our blessed Saviour.*

WE often read our blessed *Saviour wept*;
But never laught, and seldom that he *slept*:
Ah, sure his heavy eyes did wake, and *weep*,
For us that sin, so oft, in *mirth* and *sleep*.

## XLIX. *On Sins.*

SIns in respect of Man, all mortal be;
All venial, *Sins*, in respect of *Thee*.

### L. *On Mans behaviour to God.*

WE use our God, as Us'rers do their bands:
We often bear him in our *hearts*, our *hands*.
His *Paths* are beaten, and his *Ways* are trod,
So long as hee's a profitable God:
But when the Mony's paid, the profit's taken,
Our *bands* are cancel'd, and our God's forsaken.

### LI. *On Mans cruelty.*

AND dar'st thou venture still to live in Sin,
And crucifie thy dying Lord agin?
Were not his *Pangs* sufficient? must he bleed
Yet more? O, must our sinful pleasures feed
Upon his *Torments*, and augment the story
Of the sad passion of the Lord of *Glory!*
Is there no pitty? Is there no remorse
In humane breasts? is there a firm divorce
Betwixt all mercy and the hearts of Men?
Parted for ever? ne're to meet agen?
No *mercy* bides with us: 'Tis thou alone,
Hast it sweet *Jesu* for us, that have none
For thee: thou hast forestall'd our *Markets* so,
That all's *Above*, and we have none *Below*:
Nay, blessed Lord, we have not wherewithall
To serve our shiftless selves, unless we call
To thee, that are our *Saviour*, and hast power
To give, and whom we crucifie, each hower:
W'are cruel (Lord) to thee, and our selves too;
JESU *forgive't; we know not what we do.*

### LII. *Mans progress.*

THE Earth is that forbidden *Tree* that grows,
I'th' midst of *Paradise*, her *Fruit* that shows

So sweet, so fair, so pleasing to the eyes,
Is worldly Pleasure in a fair disguize:
The *Flesh* suggests: *The fruit is fair and good;*
*Apt to make Wise, and a delicious food:*
*It hath a secret virtue, wherewithall*
*To make you Gods; and not to die at all.*
Man tastes, and tempts the frailty of his Brother;
His Brother eats; One bit calls on another;
His guilty *Conscience* opes his eyes; he sees,
He sees his empty nakedness, and flees;
He stitches slender *Fig-leaves*, and does frame
Poor Arguments, t'excuse his sin, his shame:
But in the cooler evening of his Days,
The voice calls, *Adam*: *Adam's* in a Maze.
His *Conscience* bids him run: the voice pursues;
Poor *Adam* trembles, e're he knows the news:
*Adam* must quit the Garden, lest he strive
To taste the saving *Tree of life*, and live;
Poor man must go; but whither is he bound?
Ev'n to the place from whence he came, the *Ground*.

## LIII. *On the two great Floods.*

TWo *Floods* I read of; *Water* and of *Wine*;
The first was *Noah's*; *Lot*, the last was thine;
The first was the *Effect*, the last, the *Cause*,
Of that foul sin, against the sacred Laws
Of God and Nature, *Incest*: *Noah* found
An *Ark* to save him, but poor *Lot* was drown'd;
Good *Noah* found an *Ark*, but *Lot* found none;
*W'are safer in Gods hands, than in our own*:
The former flood of *Waters*, did extend
But some few days; this latter has no end.
They both destroyed, I know not which the worst,
The *last*, is ev'n as general, as the *first*:

The first being ceas'd, the World began to fill;
The last depopulates, and wastes it still:
Both *Floods* ore-whelm'd, both Man and Beast together
The last is worst, if there be best of either:
The first are ceas'd: Heav'n vow'd it by a Sign:
*When shall we see a Rain-bow after Wine?*

## LIV. *On* Fuca.

*Fuca*, thou quot'st the Scriptures on thy side,
And mak'st *Rebecca* patronize thy pride;
Thou say'st that she wore *Ear-rings*: Did she so?
Know this withall; She bore the *Pischer* too:
Thou may'st, like her, wear *Ear-rings*, if thy pride
Can stoop to what *Rebecca* did beside.

## LV. *On* Abraham's *Servant*.

THis faithful *Servant* will not feed, until
He do his trust-reposing Master's will;
There's many, now, that will not eat before
They speed their *Masters* work: *They'l drink the more.*

## LVI. *On* Alexander.

NO marvel, thou great *Monarch* didst complain
And weep there were no other worlds to gain,
Thy griefs and thy complaints were not amiss,
H'as grief enough, that finds no world but this.

## LVII. *On Rash Judgement.*

IUdge not too fast: this tree that does appear
So barren, may be fruitful the next year:
Hast thou not patience to expect the hour?
I fear, thy own are *Crabs*, they be so sour:

Thy Iudgement oft may tread beside the text,
A *Saul* to day, may prove a *Paul* the next.

## LVIII. On Jacobs *Purchase.*

How poor was *Iacob's* motion, and how strange
His offer! how unequal was th'exchange!
A mess of *Pottage* for inheritance?
Why could not hungry *Esau* strive t'enhaunce
His price a little? So much under foot;
Well might he give him bread and drink to boot:
Ah easie price! the case is ev'n our own;
For toys we often sell our *Heav'n*, our *Crown.*

## LIX. On Esau.

What hast thou done? Nay, what shall *Esau* do?
Lost both his *Birth-right* and his *Blessing* too!
What hath poor *Esau* left, but empty tears,
And plaints that cannot reach the old mans ears?
What with the Fathers *Dies* and thine own,
Thy *Birth-right's* alien'd, and thy *Blessing's* gone:
How does one mischief overtake another?
In both, how overtaken by a Brother?
Could thy imperious stomack but have stay'd,
And if thy Father's had not been delay'd,
Thou hadst not need have wept and pleaded so,
But kept thy *Birth-right* and thy *Blessing* too.
Had thy unprosperous, thy unlucky hand
Dispatch'd thy *Ven'son*, as it did thy Land,
Thy sorrows had not made so great a heap;
That had not been so dear, nor this so cheap:
Had thine giv'n place but to thy Fathers will;
Th'adst thy *Birth-right*, and thy *Blessing* still.

LX. On

### LX. *On the absence of a Blessing.*

THe blessing's gone, what do's there now remain?
*Esau*'s offended; *Jacob* must be slain:
The heart of man once emptied of a Grace,
How soon the *Devil* justles in the place!

### LXI. *On the younger Brother.*

I know, the *Elder* and the *Younger* too,
Are both alike to God; nor one, nor other
Can plead their years: but yet we often do
Observe, the blessing's on the *younger Brother*:
The Scripture notes it, but does spare to show
A reason; therefore, I despair to know.

### LXII. *On* Cain.

BEfore that *Monster* spilt his Brothers Blood,
W'are sure the *fourth* part of the world was good.
O, what a dearth of goodness did there grow,
When the *fourth* part was murder'd at a blow!

### LXIII. *On the righteous Man.*

PRomise is debt: And debt implies a *payment*:
How can the righteous then doubt *food* and *raiment*?

### LXIV. *On Faith, Love, and Charity.*

BY nature *Faith* is fiery, and it tends
Still upward: *Love*, by native course, descends:
But *Charity*, whose nature doth compound
And mix the former two, moves ever round.
Lord, let thy *Love* descend, and then the fire
Of sprightly *Faith*, shall kindle, and aspire:

O, then, my circling *Charity* shall move
In proper motion, mixt of *Faith* and *Love*.

## LXV. *On* Jacob's *Pillow.*

THe Bed was *Earth*, the raised Pillow *Stones*,
Whereon poor *Iacob* rests his head, his Bones;
Heaven was his *Canopie*; the shades of night
Were his drawn *Curtains*, to exclude the *Light*;
Poor state of *Isaac's* heir! It seems to me,
His Cattel found as soft a *Bed* as he:
Yet God appeared here, his Joy, his *Crown*;
*God is not always seen in Beds of* Down;
O, if that God, shall please to make my *Bed*,
I care not where I rest my bones, my head;
With thee, my wants can never prove extream,
With *Iacob's Pillow*, give me *Iacob's Dream*.

## LXVI. *On Faith.*

*Faith* does acknowledge *gifts*, although we have not;
It keeps unseen those sins Confession hid not;
It makes us to enjoy the goods we have not,
It counts as done, those pious deeds we did not;
It works, endows, it freely accepts, it hides:
What Grace is absent, where true *Faith* abides?

## LXVII. *On* Zacheus.

ME thinks, I see, with what a busie haste
*Zacheus* climb'd the *Tree*: But, O how fast,
How full of speed, canst thou imagine (when
Our *Saviour* call'd) he powder'd down again!
He ne'r made stay, if the boughs were sound,
Or rotten; nor how far 'twas to the ground.

There

There was no danger fear'd: at such a Call,
Hee'l venture nothing, that dare fear a fall:
Needs must he down, by such a *Spirit* driven,
Nor could he fall, unless he fell to *Heaven*.
Down came *Zacheus* ravisht from the tree,
Bird that was shot ne'r dropt so quick as he.

## LXVIII. *On the Thief and Slanderer.*

THe *Thief* and *Slanderer* are almost the same,
T'one steals my *goods*, the other my *good name*,
T'one lives in scorn, the other dies in shame.

## LXIX. *On* Abrahams *pleading for* Sodom.

HOw loath was righteous *Abraham* to cease,
To beat the price of lustful *Sodom's* peace!
Mark how his holy boldness intercepts
Gods *Justice*; brings his *Mercy* down by steps:
He dares not bid so few as *ten* at first;
Nor yet from *fifty* righteous persons, durst
His zeal, on sudden, make too great a fall,
Although he wisht salvation to them all.
Great God! thy dying *Son* has pow'r to clear,
A World of sin, that one shall not appear
Before thine angry eyes: what wonder then,
To see thee fall, from *fifty* down to *ten*!

## LXX. *On Mans goodness.*

THy hand, great God, created all things good,
But man rebell'd, and in defiance stood
Against his own *Creation*, and did stain,
Nay lost that goodness which the Beasts retain;
What hap has man, poor Man, above the rest,
That hath less goodness left him than a *Beast*!

LXXI.

## LXXI. *On* Zacheus.

SHort legg'd *Zacheus*, was the happiest *Tree*
That ever mortal climb'd; I mean, to *Thee*:
Thy pains in going up, receiv'd the Crown
Of all thy labour, at thy coming down:
Thy Stature's lowness gave thee fair occasion
To mount that *Tree*, that *Tree*, to find *Salvation*:
But was't the *Tree*, *Zacheus*? No, 'twas *He*,
Whose bleeding Body dy'd upon the *Tree*.

## LXXII. *On the Roman, Turk, and Atheist.*

THe *Roman* worships God upon the *wall*;
The *Turk*, a false *God*; th' *Atheist* none at all.

## LXXIII. *On* Babels *Building.*

GReat God, no sooner born, but we begin
*Babels* accurs'd Foundation, by our *Sin*:
Our *thoughts*, our *words*, our *deeds*, are ever yielding
The sad *Materials* of our sinful Building:
Should not thy *Grace* prevent it, it would even
Rise, and rise up, until it reach'd to heaven:
Lord, ere our *Building* shall begin to shew,
Confound our *Language* and our *Building* too.

## LXXIV. *On the Thief and the Lyer.*

THe *Lyer* and the *Thief* have one Vocation,
Their difference is but only in their *Fashion*:
They both deceive; but diversely proceed;
The first deceives, by *Word*; the last, by *Deed*.

## LXXV. *On the* Egyptians *Famine.*

MArk but the touſe the pin'd *Egyptians* run:
When all their *coin*, when all their *corn* is done
They come to *Joſeph*, and their ſtomacks plead:
They change their *beaſts* for *corn*, their *flocks* for *bread*:
Yet ſtill they want: Obſerve now what they do;
They give their *Lands*, and yield their *Bodies* too;
Now they have *Corn* enough; and now they ſhall
Have *ſeed* to ſow their barren ſoil withal;
Provided that the fifth of their increaſe
Be *Pharoh's*: Now their ſtomacks are at peace:
Thus when the *Famine* of the Word ſhall ſtrike
Our hungry *Souls*: our Souls muſt do the like.
We firſt muſt part with, (as by their directions)
Our Flocks, our Beaſts, our Beſtial *Affections*;
When they are gone, and then muſt ſinners do?
Give up their *Lands*, their *Souls* and *Bodies* too:
O, then our hearts ſhall be refreſht and fed,
We ſhall have ſeed to ſow, and preſent *Bread*:
Allowing but the fifth of our increaſe,
We ſhall have plenty, and our ſouls have peace.
How art thou pleas'd *good God* that *Man* ſhould live,
How ſlow art thou to take! how free to give!

## LXXVI. *On* Zacheus.

WEll climb'd *Zacheus*, 'twas a ſtep well giv'n:
From hence to th' *Tree*, & from the *Tree* to heav'n.

## LXXVII. *On the Plough-man.*

I Hear the whiſtling *Plow-man* all day long,
Sweetning his labour with a chearful ſong:

His

His Bed's a Pad of *Straw*: his diet, coarse;
In both, he fares not better than his *Horse*:
He seldom slacks his thirst, but from the *Pump*;
And yet his heart is blithe, his visage, *plump*;
His thoughts are ne're acquainted with such things,
As *Griefs* or *Fears*: he only sweats and sings;
When as the Landed-*Lord*, that cannot dine
Without a qualm, if not refresht with *Wine*;
That cannot judge that controverted case,
'Twixt meat and mouth, without the *Bribe* of Sauce;
That claims the service of the purest linnen,
To pamper and to shrowd his dainty skin in;
Groans out his days, in lab'ring to appease
The rage of either *Business* or *Disease*:
Alas, his silken *Robes*, his costly *Diet*,
Can lend a little pleasure, but no *Quiet*:
The untold sums of his descended wealth
Can give his body plenty, but no *Health*:
The one, in pains, and want, possesses all;
T'other, in plenty, finds no peace at all;
'Tis strange! And yet the cause is easily known;
T'one's at *Gods* finding; t'other at his own.

## LXXVIII. *On a happy Kingdom.*

THat Kingdom, and none other, happy is,
Where *Moses* and his *Aaron* meet, and kiss.

## LXXIX. *On Gods appearance to Moses.*

GOd first appear'd to *Moses*, in the *Myre*:
The next time he appear'd, h'appear'd in *Fire*;
The third time, he was known to *Moses* eye
Upon mount *Sinai*, cloath'd in *Majesty*.
Thrice God appears to man: First, wallowing in
His foul pollution, and base *Myre* of sin;

And

And like to *Pharoh's* daughter does bemone
Our helpless state, and draws us for his own:
The next time he appears in *fire*, whose bright
And gentle flames, consume not, but give light;
It is the fire of *Grace*, where man is bound
To d'off his *Shooes*, because 'tis *holy ground*,
The last appearance, shall be in that *Mount*,
Where ev'ry Soul shall render an Account
Of *good* or *evil*, where all things transitory
Shall cease; and *Grace* be crown'd with perfect *Glory*.

## LXXX. *On Gods Law.*

Thy sacred *Law*, O God,
Is like to MOSES *Rod*:
If we but keep it in our hand
It will do Wonders in the Land;
If we sleight and throw it to the ground,
'Twill turn a *Serpent*, and inflict a Wound.
A *Wound* that Flesh and Blood cannot endure,
Nor salve, until the *Brazen Serpent* cure.
I wish not, *Lord*, thou should'st *with hold it*,
Nor would I *have it*, and not hold it:
O teach me then, my God,
To handle MOSES *Rod*.

## LXXXI. *On* Pharoh's *Bricks.*

OUr God's not like to *Pharoh*; to requite
His tale of *Brick*, and give no *Straw* for fee:
His workmen wanted *straw*, and yet were lasht
For not performance: we have *straw* unthrasht,
Yet we are idle, and we winch, and kick
Against our Burthens, and return no *Bricks*.
We spend our Straw for *Litter* in the Stable,
And then we cry; Alas! *We are not able*;

Think

Think not on *Israel*'s sufferings, in that day
When thy offended Iustice shall repay
Our labour; Lord, when thou upheav'st thy *Rod*,
Think *Pharoh* was a *Tyrant*, *Thou*, a *God*.

## LXXXII. *On the unsatiablepess of Mans heart.*

THis *Globe* of earth has not the pow'r to fill
The heart of Man, but it desires more still:
By him that seeks, the Cause is easily found,
The Heart's *Triangular*, the earth is *Round*;
He may be full, but never to the brim,
Be fill'd with Earth, till earth be fill'd with him.

## LXXXIII. *On* Pharoh's *hard-heartednes.*

PLagues after Plagues! And yet not *Pharoh* yield
T'enlarge poor *Israel*! Was thy *heart* so steel'd
Rebellious *Tyrant*, that it dare withstand
The oft repeated *Iudgments* of Heav'ns hand?
Could neither *Mercies Oyle*, or *Iudgments thunder*
Dissolve, nor break thy flinty heart in sunder?
No, no, What *Sun-beams* soften not, they harden;
Purpos'd *Rebellions* are asleep to pardon.

## LXXXIV. *On the change of* Pharoh's *fortune.*

OBserve what *peace* great *Pharoh*'s kingdom found
While *Ioseph* liv'd; what *prosperous blessings* crown'd
His happy days! Heav'ns plague-inflicting hand
Was then a stranger to his *peaceful Land*:
*Peace* was entayl'd upon his Royal *Throne*,
His land had plenty, when the world had none;
His full desires over-flow'd their Brim,
*Favours* came down, unask'd, unsought by him:

His

His *Scepter* flouriſh'd, from a God unknown;
No need to trouble any of his own.
While *Ioſeph* liv'd, his *bleſſings* had no end,
That God was his, whil'ſt he was *Ioſephs* Friend;
*Theſe temporal bleſſings heaven doth often ſhare*
*Vnto the wicked, at the good mans prayer.*
But Ioſeph dies; And Ioſephs Sons muſt fall
Beneath their burthens, and be ſcourg'd withal;
Whilſt *Tyrant Pharoh*'s more ſeverer hand
Keeps them laborious *Priſoners* in his Land;
*God oft permits his Children to be hurld*
*Into diſtreſs, to wean them from the World.*
But *Pharoh*'s bleſſings alter with his *Brow*;
The budding Scepter's turn'd a *Serpent* now;
His land muſt groan; her *plagues* muſt ſtill increaſe,
Till Iacob's Off ſpring, ſhall find Iacob's peace;
*Gods Children are the apples of his eye,*
*Whoſe touch is death, if being touch't they cry.*
Now *Tyrant* Pharoh dares no longer chuſe,
*Iſrael* muſt go: *Pharoh* repents, purſues;
Pharoh wants Brick; *Pharoh* ere long, I fear,
Will find the purchaſe of his *Brick* too dear:
*Moſes* holds forth his *Rod*, the *Seas* divide,
The *Waves* are turn'd to *Walls* on either ſide;
They paſs ſecure; *Pharoh* purſues them ſtill:
*God leaves his Children to the brunt of Ill;*
The chariot *Wheels* fly off, the *Harneſs* cracks;
One wants a *Nail*, the next a *Hammer* lacks;
*How man is croſs'd and puzzl'd in thats plot,*
*Where Heaven denies ſucceſs, and proſpers not!*
*Moſes* holds forth his Rod; the *Eaſtern* wind
Calls back the *Tydes*, the parted *Waters* joyn'd,
And overwhelm'd great *Pharoh* and *Pharoh*'s *Hoſt*;
None ſcap'd to tell the news; all drown'd and loſt;
Thus thrives Rebellion: *Plagues* not doing good,
Oft times conclude their *Ceremony* in bloud,

Thus hardned hearts grow more and more obdure;
And heav'n cuts off, when Earth is most secure.

## LXXXV. *On the First-born.*

THe *First-born* of th' *Ægyptians* all were slain,
From him that holds the *Scepter* to the *Swain*:
But all that are *First-born* in *Israel* be
Accepted, Lord, and sanctified to thee:
Thy looks are always turn'd upon the prime
Of all our *Actions*, *Words*, our *Thoughts*, our *Time*:
Thy pleased eye is fixt upon the *First*;
And from the *Womb* w'are thine, or else accurst.

## LXXXVI. *On Baptized Infants.*

I Dare not judge those judgements ill-advis'd,
That hold such *Infants* sav'd as die baptiz'd:
What hinders life? *Original* hath bin
Now wash'd away; there's yet no *Actual sin*.
Death is the effect of *Sin*. The cause being gon,
What ground is left for Death to work upon?
I know not: But of *Israel*'s sons 'tis found,
*Moses* was sav'd; I read that none was drownd.

## LXXXVII. *On the grumbling* Israelites.

NO sooner out, but grumble? Is the *Brick*
So soon forgotten? 'Tis a common trick:
Serve God in plenty; *Egypt* can do thus;
No thanks to serve our God, when God serves us:
*Some fullen Currs, when they perceive a Bone,*
*Will wag their tails, and fawne; but snarle if none.*

## LXXXVIII. *On Mans Rebellion.*

O How perverſe is *Fleſh* and *Bloud*! in whom
Rebellion bloſſoms from the very womb!
What Heav'n commands how lame we are to do!
And things forbid, how ſoon perſwaded to!
We never read rebellious *Iſrael* did
Bow to ſtrange gods; till *Iſrael* was forbid.

## LXXXIX. *On* Iſrael.

HAd *Iſrael*, in her want, been truly humbled,
*Iſrael* had pray'd, and *grön'd* to heav'n, not *grumbled*,
But *Iſr'el* wanted food: *Iſr'els* complaint
Could not be fervent; *Iſr'el* being faint:
*Iſr'el* gets food: Now *Iſr'el* is ſo full,
That her Devotion and her Zeal is dull.
Lord, when art thou in ſeaſon? When's the time,
To do thee ſervice? When's our *Zeal* in prime?
'Tis always either not full ripe, or waſting:
We cannot ſerve our God, nor *Full* nor *Faſting*.

## XC. *On the ſinners Refuge.*

HE that ſhall ſhed, with a preſumptuous hand,
The bloud of *Man*, muſt by thy juſt command
Be put to death; the *Murtherer* muſt die;
Thy Law denies him refuge where to flie.
Great God, our hands have ſlain a *Man*, nay further,
They have committed a preſumptuous murther
Upon a guiltleſs *Man*; Nay, what is worſe,
They have betraid our *Brother* to the Curſe
Of a reproachful death; Nay, what exceeds,
It is our *Lord*, our dying *Saviour* bleeds:

Nay more, it is thy *Son*, thy only *Son*;
All this have we, all this our hands have done:
On what dear *Objects* shall we turn our eye?
Look to the *Law*; Oh! by the Law we die.
Is there no refuge, Lord? No place that shall
Secure our souls from death? Ah, none at all?
What shall poor mortals do? thy Laws are just,
And most irrevocable: Shall we trust
Or flie to our own *Merits*, and be freed
By our good works? I, there were help indeed!
Is there no *City* for a soul to flie
And save it self? Must we resolve to die?
O infinite! O, not to be expresst
Nay, not to be conceived by the brest
Of *Men* or *Angels*! O transcendent *Love*!
Incomprehensible! as far above
The reach of *Man*, as mans deserts are under
The sacred benefit of so blest a *Wonder*!
The very bloud our sinful hands have shed,
Cryes loud for *Mercy*, and those *Wounds* do plead
For those that made them: he that pleads, forgives;
And is both *God* and *Man*; both dead, and lives.
He whom we murther'd, is become our *Guardian*;
Hee's Man to suffer, and hee's God to pardon:
Here's our *Protection*; here, our refuge-City,
Whose living springs run *Piety* and *Pity*;
Go then, my soul, and pass the common bounds
Of *Passion*; Go, and kneel before his *Wounds*;
Go touch them with thy lips; thou needst not fear
They will not bleed afresh, though thou be there:
But if they do, that very bloud thou spilt,
Believe't, will plead thy *Pardon*, not thy *Guilt*.

## XCI. *On the deposing of Princes.*

I Know not by what virtue *Rome* depoſes
A Chriſtian *Prince*: did *Aaron* command *Moſes*?
If ſacred Scriptures mention ſuch a thing:
Sure *Rome* has colour to depoſe a *King*.

## XCII. *On* Peter's *Keyes.*

THe pow'r of *Peter* does all pow'r excell;
*He* opens Heav'n; he ſhuts the doors of Hell;
The *Keyes* are his, in what a caſe were they,
Should *Peters* Succeſſors miſtake the *Key*?

## XCIII. *On Offerings.*

ARe all ſuch *Offerings* as are cruſh'd, and bruis'd,
Forbid thy *Altar*? may they not be us'd?
And muſt all *broken things* be ſet apart?
No Lord: thou wilt accept a *Broken-heart*.

## XCIV. *On uſurers.*

OF all men, *Uſ'rers* are not leaſt accurſt;
They rob the *Spittle*, pinch the afflicted worſt;
In others grief they'r moſt delighted in;
Whileſt *Givers* ſuffer for the *Taker*'s ſin.
O how unjuſt a *trade* of life is that,
Which makes the *Lab'rers* lean, and th'*idle* fat!

## XCV. *On Repentance.*

CAnſt thou recover thy conſumed *Fleſh*,
From the well-feaſted *Worms*, or put on freſh?
Canſt thou redeem thy *Aſhes* from the dead?
Or quit thy carkaſs from her *ſheet* of *Lead*?

Canst thou awaken thy earth-closed eyes?
Unlock thy Marble monument and rise?
All this thou may'st perform, with as great ease,
As to repent thee, mortal, when thou please,
It is thy *Grave*, not *Bed*, that thou art in:
Th'art not *asleep*, but thou art *dead in sin*.

## XCVI. *On Wine and Water.*

NAture and *Grace*, who ever tasted both,
Differ as much as *Wine* and *Water* doth:
*This* cleanseth (if not grossly stain'd with *Sin*)
The outward *Man*, but scours not within:
*That* cheats the heart, and makes the courage bold,
Quickens and warms dead *spirits* that are cold:
It fires the *Blood*, and makes the *Soul divine*:
O that my *Water*, Lord, were turn'd to *Wine*!

## XCVII. *On* Balaam's *Ass.*

THe *Ass* that for her slowness was forbid
To be imployed in Gods service, did
Perform good service now in being slow.
The *Ass* received stripes, but would not go:
She balk'd the way, and *Balaam* could not guide her:
The *Ass* had far more wisdom than the *Rider*:
The *Message* being bad, the *Ass* was loth
To be the bearer: 'twas a happy sloth;
'Twas well for *Balaam*: had his *Ass* but try'd
Another step, *Balaam* had surely dy'd.
Poor *Ass*! And was thy faithful service pay'd
With oft-repeated strokes? Had'st thou obey'd,
Thy Lord had bought thy travel with his blood,
*Such is mans payment, often bad for good:*
The *Ass* begins to question with his *Master*,
Argues the case, pleads why he went no faster

Nay

Nay; shows him *Myst'ries* far beyond his reach;
*Sure God wants Prophets, when dull* Asses *preach*:
The *Ass* perceives the *Angel*, and falls down;
When *Balaam* sees him not, or sees unknown:
Nor is't a wonder this: Gods *Spirit* did pass
From blindfold *Balaam* into *Balaam's Ass*.

## XCIX. *On some raw Divines.*

SOme raw *Divines*, no sooner are espous'd
To their first *Wives*, and in the *Temple* hous'd,
But straight the *Peace* is broke: they now begin
T'appoint the *Field*, to fight their *Battails* in:
*Schoolmen* must war with *Schoolmen*, *text* with *text*;
The first's the *Chaldee's Paraphrase*; the next
The *Septuagints*: *Opinion* thwarts *Opinion*;
The *Papist* holds the first; the last th' *Arminian*;
And then the Councils must be call'd t'advice,
What this of *Lateran* says, what that of *Nice*:
And here the point must be anew disputed,
*Arius* is false; and *Bellarmine's* confuted:
Thus with the sharp *Artill'ry* of their Wit;
They shoot at *random*, careless where they hit:
The slightly-studied *Fathers* must be prayd
Although on small acquaintance, in to aid,
Whose glorious *Varnish* must impose a gloss
Vpon their *Paint*, whose gold must gild their *dross*.
Now *Martin Luther* must be purg'd by them.
From all his *Errors*, like a School-boys *Theam*:
*Free-will's* disputed, *Consubstantiation*,
And the deep Ocean of *Predestination*,
Where, daring venture, oft, too far into't,
They *Pharoh* like, are drown'd both *Horse* and *Foot*
Forgetting that the Sacred *Law* enjoynes
*New-married men* to sit beneath their *Vines*,

And cheer their *Wives*: they must not venture out
To *Warr*, until the Year be run about.

## XCIX. *On buying of the Bible.*

'Tis but a folly to rejoyce or boast,
How small a *price*, thy well-bought *pen'worth* cost.
Until thy Death, thou shalt not fully know
Whether thy *Purchase* be good cheap, or no,
And at that day, believ't, it will appear,
If not extremely *cheap*, extremely *dear*.

## C. *On the buying of the New-Testament.*

*Reader*, if thou wilt prove no more
Then what I term thee, ev'n before
Thou ask the price, turn back thine eye,
If otherwise, unclasp, and buy:
Know then, the *price* of what thou buy'st
Is the dear blood of *Jesus Christ*,
Which *price* is over dear to none,
That dare protest it with his *own*:
If thou stand guilty of the *price*,
Ev'n save thy purse-strings, and be wise,
Thy mony will but, in conclusion,
Make purchase of thy own *Confusion*:
But if that guilt be done away,
Thou mayst as safely buy, as pay.

## CI. To my Book.

MY *Little* Pinnace, *strike thy* Sailes,
*Let slip thy* Anchor; *the* wind *failes*:
*And* Sea-men *oft in* Calms *do fear*
*That soul, and boistrous weather's near*:

*If a robustious* Storm *should rise,*
*And blustler from Censorious* Eyes,
*Although the swelling Waves be rough*
*And proud, thy* Harbor's *safe enough:*
*Rest, rest a while, till ebbing* tides
*Shall make thee* stanch, *and* breme *thy sides;*
*When* winds *shall serve, hoist up thy* saile,
*And fly before a prosp'rous* gale;
*That all the* Coasters *may resort,*
*And bid thee welcome to thy* PORT.

The end of the first *Book.*

# DIVINE FANCIES.

## The Second Book.

### I. *To Almighty* God.

LORD, Thou requir'ſt the firſt of all our *Time*,
The firſt of all our *Actions*, and the prime
Of all our *Thoughts*: And, *Lord*, good reaſon, we,
When thou giv'ſt all, ſhould give the *firſt* to thee:
But, O, we often rob thee of thy due,
Like *Ely's* Children, whom thy Vengeance ſlue:
We pinch thy *Offering* to enlarge our *Fee*;
We keep the *Fat*, and carve the *Lean* to thee:
We thruſt out three-tooth'd *Fleſh-hook* in thy *Pot*;
That onely, what the *Fleſh-hook* taketh not,
We ſhare to thee: Lord we are ſtill deceiving:
We take the *Prime*, and feed thee with our *Leaving*;
Our ſluttiſh *Bolls* are cream'd with Soil and Filth;
Our Wheat is full of *Chaff*; of *Tares*, our Tilth:
Lord, what in *Fleſh* and *Blood* can there be had,
That's worth the having, when the beſt is bad!
Here's nothing *good*, unleſs thou pleaſe to make it;
O, then, if ought be worth the taking, take it.

### II. *On Gods Dyes.*

DEar Lord, when we approach thy sacred *Fire*,
To burn our *Sacrifice*, thou do'st require
The *Heads* of ev'ry Beast that dyes, the *Hearts*,
Th' inclosed *Fat*, and all the *inward parts*:
Our *Senses*, and our *Memories* must be,
All set apart, and sanctifi'd to thee,
The strength of our *Desires*, the best perfections
Of our imperfect *Wills*, the choise affections
Of our refined *Hearts*, must all conjoyn
To seek thy *Glory*, they must all be thine:
I know thy *Dyes*, Lord: Of all the rest,
Thou dost affect the *Head*, and *Purtenance* best.

### III. *On Moses Birth, and Death.*

WE read, no sooner new born *Moses* crept
Into his vail of *Tears*, but th' Infant wept;
But being warned of his *Death*, his *Last*,
We find it story'd that he sung as fast:
These sev'ral Passions found their Reason, why,
He dy'd to live, but he was born to dye.
To whom this transitory life shall bring
Just cause to *weep*, their Death gives cause to *sing*.

### IV. *On Ieptha's Vow.*

VIctorious *Ieptha!* could thy zeal allow
No other way, than by a rash-made *Vow*,
T' express thy *Thanks*? a *Vow*, whose undertaking
Was ev'n a Sin, more odious than the making?
'Twas cruel *Piety* that taught thee how
To paddle in thy *Daughters* Bloud; but thou

Unlucky *Virgin*! was there none to be
Betwixt thy Fathers mortal *Brow*, and *thee*?
Why cam'ſt thou forth, ſweet *Virgin*? to what end
Mad'ſt thou ſuch needleſs haſte? thou cam'ſt to lend
Thy filial *Triumph* to thy Fathers *Wreath*;
Thou thought'ſt to meet a *Bleſſing*, and not *Death*:
Raſh *Iephta*! may not thy repentance quit
That *Vow*, when raſhneſs was the cauſe of it?
O canſt thou not diſpenſe with that, wherein
Thy ſtrict Religion's a preſumptuous *Sin*?
Is ſhe unhappy, or thou cruel rather?
Unhappy *Child*, and too too cruel *Father*.

## V. *On* Jeſus *and* Sampſon.

AN *Angel* did to *Manoah*'s wife appear,
And brought the news, her barren *womb* ſhould bear;
Did not another *Angel*? if not he,
Thrice bleſſed *Virgin*, bring the ſame to thee?
The Wife of *Manoah* (nine moneths being run)
Her Heav'n-ſaluted *Womb*, brought forth a *Son*.
To thee, ſweet *Virgin*, full of Grace, and Heaven,
A *Child* was born; to us, a *Son* was given:
The name of hers was *Sampſon*, born to fight
For captiv'd *Iſrael*, and a *Nazarite*:
Thine was a *Naz'rite* too, and born to eaſe us
From Satans burthens, and his name is *Ieſus*.
*Sampſon* eſpous'd, and took in marriage her
That was the child of an *Idolater*;
Our *Ieſus* took a wife that bow'd the knee
And worſhipp'd unknown *gods*, as well as ſhee:
Aſſaulted *Sampſon* met, and had to do
With a fierce *Lion*, foyl'd, and ſlue him too:
Our conquering *Ieſus* purchas'd higher fame;
His arm encountred *Death*, and overcame:

Victo-

Victorious *Sampson* stept aside, and drew
Pure honey from the carkass that he slew;
When our triumphing *Iesus* sought, and found
A greater *sweetness* in his *Lions* wound.
Uxorious *Sampson* pleases to divide
His purchas'd honey to his faitest *Bride*:
But what? Is *Sampson* singular in this?
Did not our *Iesus* do the like to his?
*Sampson* propounds a *Riddle*, and does hide
The folded Myst'ry in his faithless Bride;
Our blessed *Iesus* propounds *Riddles* too,
Too hard for man, his Bride unsought, t'undoe;
The *Bride* forsakes her *Sampson*; do's betroth her
To a new *Love*, and falsly weds another;
And did not the adult'rous *Iews* forgoe
Their first Love, *Iesus*, and forsake him too?
Displeased *Sampson* had the choice to wed
The *younger Sister* in the *Elders* stead;
Displeased *Iesus* hath espous'd the *Younger*;
God send her fairer; and affections stronger.
*Sampson* sent *Foxes* on his fiery errant,
Among their corn, and made their *crimes* his *warrant*:
Offended *Iesus* shews as able signs
Of wrath: His *Foxes* have destroy'd their *Vines*;
Our *Sampsons* love to *Dalilah* was such,
That for her sake poor *Sampson* suffered much:
Our *Iesus* had his *Delilah*; For her
His soul became so great a Sufferer:
*Sampson* was subject to their *scorn* and *shame*;
And was not *Iesus*, even the very same?
*Sampson*, betrayed to the *Philistians* hands,
Was bound a while, but quickly brake his bands:
*Iesus* the first and second day, could be
The *graves* close pris'ner: but, the third was free.
In this they differ'd: *Iesus*'s dying breath
Cry'd out for *Life*; But *Sampson*'s call'd for *Death*:

*Fashey*

*Father forgive them*, did our *Jesus* cry;
But *Sampson*, *Let me be reveng'd and die*;
Since then, *sweet Saviour*, 'Tis thy Death must ease us,
We fly from *Sampson*, and appeal to *Jesus*.

## VI. *On* Ely's *double Censure.*

When barren *Hannah*, prostrate on the floor,
In heat of *zeal* and passion, did implore
Redress from Heav'n, censorious *Ely* thought
She had been drunk, and checkt her for her fault;
Rough was his *Censure*, and his *check* austere;
*Where mildness should be us'd, we are oft severe:*
But when his luxtful Sons, that could abuse
The *House* of God, making her Porch their *stues*,
Appear'd before him, his indulgent tongue
Compounded, rather than rebuk'd the wrong:
He dare not shoot, for fear he wound his *Child*;
*Where we should be severe, w'are oft too mild.*
Unequal *Ely*! was thy *sentence* just,
To censure *Zeal*, and not to punish *Lust*?
Could thy parental mildness but have past
The former by, as easly as the last;
Or had the last, by just proportion, bin
Rated but like the first supposed sin,
Perchance thy aged head had found increase
Of some few dayes, and gone to sleep in peace;
*Passions misplac'd are dangerous:* Let all
Remember *Ely's Faults*, with *Ely's Fall.*

## VII. *On the refining of Gold.*

Hast thou observed how the curious hand
Of the *Refiner* seeks to understand
The inadulterate pureness of his *gold*?
He weighs it first, and after does infold

In

In *Lead*, and then committs it to the *Fire*;
And, as the *lead* consumes, the *gold* draws nigher
To his perfection, without waste or loss
Of his pure substance, but his weight, his dross:
The great *Refiner* of mans baser *Heart*,
Uses the like, nay, shews the self-same *Art*;
He weighs it first, and finding it too full
Of *Trash*, and *Earth*, he wraps it in some dull
And leaden cross, of *punishment*, or *sin*;
Then, tries it in afflictions *Fire*: wherein
The *lead* and *dross* evaporate together,
And leaves the *Heart* refin'd, and quit of either:
Thus, though mans heart be lessen'd by the *Cross*,
And lighter; 'Tis but lighter by the *Dross*.

## VIII. On Dagon *and the Ark.*

WHat news with *Dagon*? Is thy shrine so hot,
Thou canst not keep it? or has *Dagon* got
The falling sickness, that his *godship*'s found
In such a posture, prostrate on the ground?
Poor helpless *god*! but stay! Is *Dagon* grown
So weak ith' hams: not stand, nor rise alone?
A *god*, and cannot rise? 'Tis very odd!
He must have help, or lie: A *proper god*!
Well, *Dagon* must require help of hands;
Up *Dagon* goes the second time, and stands
As confident, as though his place had bin
His own, in *Fee*: down *Dagon* falls again:
But *Dagon*'s shrewdly martyr'd with the jumps,
Lost *Hands*, and *Head*, and nothing left but *stump*:
Sure, all's not well with *Dagon*, now of late
He's either sick, or much forgot the State
Belonging to so great a *God*: hath none
Offer'd some stinking *Sacrifice*, or blown

Some

Some nauſeous fume into his ſacred *Noſe*,
And made his *godſhip* dizzy? or who knows,
Perchance h'as taken pet, and will reſign
His ſullen place, and quit his empty ſhrine.
No wonder, a *falſe god* ſhould ſtoop, and lye
Upon the floor, when as a *true God's* by?
It was unlikely *Dagon* ſhould forbear
Reſpite of *Homage* when the *Ark* was there:
If I would worſhip a falſe *god* at all,
It ſhould be one that would not ſcorn to fall
Beſoke his *Betters*; whoſe indifferent arm,
If it could do no good, could do no harm:
I'de rather chooſe to bend my idle knee,
Of all falſe *gods*, to ſuch a *god* as he,
Whoſe ſpirit's not too *quick*; *The fabulous Frog*
*Found greater danger in the Stork, than Log:*
And to conclude, I'de chooſe him, *Dagon* like;
Not having *Hand*, to plot: nor *Hand*, to ſtrike.

## IX. *On* Saul *and* David.

SUre *Saul* as little look'd to be a *King*,
As I: and *David* dream'd of ſuch a thing;
As much as he; when both alike did keep,
The one his Father's *Aſſes*, t'other *Sheep*:
*Saul* muſt forſake his *Whip*, and *David* flings
His *crook* aſide, and they muſt both be *Kings*.
*Saul* had no *ſword*, and *David* then no *ſpear*,
There was none *Conquer'd*, nor no *Conqu'ror* there
There was no *ſweat*, there was no *bloud* to ſhed:
The unſought Crown beſought the *wearers* head,
There was no *Stratagem*, No Oppoſition.
No taking parts, No jealous *Competition*:
There needs no *Art*, there needs no *Sword* to bring,
And place the *Crown*, where *God* appoints the *King*.

## X. *On* David *and* Goliah.

SAtan's the great *Goliah*, that ſo boaſts
And threats our *Iſrael*, and defies her *Hoſts*:
Thoſe ſmoother *ſtones* courageous *David* took
From the ſoft boſome of the ſilver brook,
Are *Scriptum eſt*: the *Sling* that gives them flight,
Is *Faith*; that makes them fly, and fly aright:
Lord, lend me *Davids ſling*, and then I know,
I ſhall have *Davids ſtrength*, and *courage* too:
Give me but skill to pick ſuch *ſtones* as theſe,
And I will meet *Goliah* when he pleaſe.

## XI. *On* Saul's *Witch.*

WHen *Saul* receiv'd no *anſwer* down from *heaven*,
How quickly was his jealous *paſſion* driv'n
A deſp'rate Courſe! he needs muſt cure the *Itch*
Of his extreame deſires, by a *Witch*:
*When we have loſt our way to* God, *how level,*
*How eaſie to be found's the way to th' Divel.*

## XII. *On the neceſſity of Gods preſence.*

WHen thou wert preſent with thy *ſtrengthning grace*
*Saul* prov'd, he fled, and fought:
But when, *Great God*, thou didſt withdraw thy *face*,
*Murther* was in his thought.
Thus as thou giv'ſt, or tak'ſt away thy *hand*,
We either *fall* or *ſtand*.

## XIII. Davids *Epitaph on* Jonathan.

HEre *lies the faireſt* Flower *that ſtood*
*In* Iſr'els Garden; *now, in* Bloud:

*Which*

*Which Death to make her* Garland *gay,*
*Hath crop't, against her* Triumph-day:
*Here, here, lies he whose Actions pend,*
*The perfect* Copy *of a Friend:*
*Whose milk white* Vellam *did incur*
*No least suspition of a* Blur:
*Here lies the example of a Brother,*
*Not to be follow'd by another:*
*The fair indented* Counter-part
*Of* Davids *joy, of* Davids heart.
*Rest then, for ever rest alone,*
*Thy* Ashes *can be touch'd by none,*
*Till* Death *hath pickt out such another:*
*Here lies a* Flower, *a* Friend, *a* Brother.

## XIV. *On Gods word.*

GOd's sacred *Word* is like the *Lamp* of day,
Which softens *wax*, but makes obdure the *clay*,
It either melts the *Heart*, or more obdures:
It never falls in vain; it *wounds*, or *cures*:
Lord, make my breast thy *Hive*, and then I know,
Thy *Bees* will bring in *wax*, and *Honey* too.

## XV. *On Man.*

BY Nature, Lord, men worse than nothing be;
And less than *Nothing*, if compar'd with *thee*;
If less and worse than *Nothing*, tell me than,
Where is that *Something* thou so boasts, proud *Man*?

## XVI. *On* Ahaz *Dyal,*

MAns *Heart*'s like *Ahaz Dyal*, if it flees
Not forward, it goes backward ten *Degrees*.

## XVII. *On Luſt.*

LUſt is an *Ignis fatuus*, that ariſes
From the baſe *Earth*, that plays her wanton prizes
In ſolitary parts, and ever haunts
*Dark places*, whoſe deceitful flame inchaunts
The wandering ſteps of the diverted *ſtranger*,
Still tempting his miſ-guided fear to danger:
She never leaves till by her fair deluſion,
She brings him headlong to his own *confuſion*.

## XVIII. *On* Thamar *and* Amnon.

SHe muſt be lov'd; then courted; and what more?
Enjoy'd; then hated; then expeld the door:
*Amnon* muſt be diſcover'd, muſt obtain
Licenſe to feaſt, and then be drunk, then ſlain:
O what repoſe is had in ſinful *Breaſt*;
Whoſe *love* in *haſte*, whoſe mirth concludes in *death!*

## XIX. *On Love and Luſt.*

THey'r wild, that take baſe luſt for love's *half, brother*
Yielding two *Fathers*, but the ſelf-ſame *Mother*:
*Luſt*, is a Monſter that's conceiv'd and bred
Of the abuſed *Will*, maintain'd and fed
With *ſenſual thoughts*, of nature rude, uncivil:
Of life robuſtious, and whoſe *Sire*'s the Devil:
But *Love*'s the Child of th' uncorrupted *Will*,
Nouriſh'd with *Virtue*, poys'ned with the *ſwill*
Of baſe reſpects; of nature, ſweet and mild:
In manners gentle, eaſily known whoſe *child*;
For, by the likeneſs ev'ry eye may gather,
That hee's the Off-ſpring of a heavenly *Father*:

*This*, ſuffers all things, *That*, can ſuffer nothing:
*This*, never ends, *That*, ever ends in loathing:
Th' one, loves the *Darkneſs* moſt; th' other, *Light*:
The laſt's the Child of *Day*, the firſt of *Night*.
*The one* is meek, *the other* full of fire:
*This*, never laggs, *that*, ever apt to tire:
*Th' one's* raſh and furious, *T' other* mild and ſage;
*That* dies with youth, whilſt *this* ſurvives with age:
*Th' one's* couragious, *T' other* full of fears,
*That* ſeeks, *the other* baulks both eyes and ears:
In brief, to know them both aright, and miſs not,
In all reſpect, *th' one* is, what *th' other* is not:
So far from *Brothers*, that they ſeem diſjoyn'd,
Not in *Condition* only, but in *kind*.
Admit a falſhood, that they had one *Mother*,
The beſt that *Luſt* can claim, 's a *Baſtard-Brother*.
Great God, muſt thou be conſcious of that *Name*,
Which jealous Mortals count the height of ſhame?
And not thy Nuptial *Bed* alone defil'd,
But to be charged with the baſe-born *Child*?
And yet not mov'd? and yet not move thy *Rod*?
Haſt thou not cauſe to be a *Jealous God*?
Can thy juſt *Jealouſies*, great God, be grounded
On mans diſloyalty, not man confounded?

## XX. *On a Tinder-Box.*

MY Soul is like to *Tinder*, whereinto
The Devil ſtrikes a *ſpark* at ev'ry blow:
My heart's the *flint*, the *ſteel* temptation is;
And his ſuggeſtions, hit, and never miſs:
His *Hand* is ever ſure, my *Tinder* apt to catch:
Soon ſets a fire ev'ry proffer'd *Match*.

## XXI. *On* Achitophel.

SAge were thy *Counsels*, and as well apply'd,
If thou hadst had but *Loyalty* on thy side:
I like thy last *Design*, (above the rest)
When thou hadst set thine house in *order*, best:
In all exploits, the *Rule* is not so ample,
Not half so beneficial as th' *Example*:
Th' Almighty prosper *Christian* Crowns; and bless
All such like *Counsels*, with the like success:
Confound *Achitophel*, and, Lord, impart
His *Head* to us; and to our Foes, his *Heart*.

## XXII. *On Sin.*

*Vnhappy* Man! *Whose every breath*
*Is* Sin; *Whose every sin is* Death.

SIN, first Original; then our actual *sins*:
Our *sins* that sally forth; our *sins* that lurk within:
Our wilful *sins*: and world of *sins*, by chance:
Our conscious *sins*: our *sins* of darker Ignorance:
Our oft-repeated *sins*: *Sins* never reckon'd:
'Gainst the first Table, *sins*: *Sins* done against the second:
Our pleading *sins*: our *sins* without a cause:
Our Gospel *sins*: rebellious *sins* against thy laws:
Our *sins* against our vows: fresh *sins* again:
*Sin* of infirmity: and high presumptuous *sin*:
Thus like our *Lives*, our *Lives* begin,
Continue, and conclude in *SIN*.

## XXIII. *On the Sun and Stars.*

OUr dying Saviour's like the setting *Sun*:
His Saints, on earth, are like the *Stars in night*;

Experience

Experience tells us, till the Sun be gone,
The Stars appear not, and retain no *light*:
Till *Sun-set*, we discern no Stars at all:
And Saints receive their Glory in his *fall*.

## XXIV. *On* Absolon *and* Sampson.

*Sampson's* defect, and thy excess of *hair*,
Gave him his death, orh' ground, thee, thine ith' air:
His thoughts were too deprest, thine soar'd too high.
As mortals live, so oftentimes they die.

## XXV. *On Gods favour.*

Gods favour's like the *Sun*, whose *beams* appear
To all that dwell in the worlds *Hemisphear*,
Though not to all alike: to some they express
Themselves more radiant, and to others less:
To some they rise more early, and they fall
More late to others, giving *day* to all:
Some soyl's more gross, and breathing more impure
And earthy *vapours* forth, whose foggs obscure
The dark'ned *Medium* of the moister air,
Whil'st other Soils, more perfect, yield more rare
And purer *Fumes*, whereby those *Beams* appear,
To some, less glorious, and to some, more clear:
It would be ever *Days Day*, always bright,
Did not our interposed *Earth* make night,
The *Sun* shines always strenuous and fair,
But ah, our sins, our *Clouds* benight the air,
Lord, drain the *Fens* of this my boggy soul,
Whose grosser *vapours* make my day so foul,
Thy Son hath strength enough to chase away
These rising *Fogs*, and make a glorious *Day*:
Rise, and shine always clear, but most of all,
Let me behold thy glory in thy *fall*:

That being set, poor I (my flesh being hurld
From this) may meet thee, in another *World*.

## XXVI. *On a spititual fever.*

MY Soul hath had a *Fever* a long while,
O! I can neither relish, nor digest,
My nimble *Pulses* beat, my *veins* do boil,
I cannot close mine eyes, I cannot rest.
O, for a *Surgeon*, now, to strike a Vein!
That, that would lay my *Heat*, and ease my *Pain*;
No, no, It is thy *Blood*, and not mine own,
Thy *Blood* must cure me, *Jesus*, or else none.

## XXVII. *On* David's *choice.*

FAmine, the *Sword*, the *Pest'lence*! Which is least,
When all are great? which worst, when bad's the best?
It is a point of mercy yet to give
A choice of death to such as must not live;
But, was the choice so hard? It seems to me,
There was a Worse, and better of the three,
Though all extreme; Me thinks, the help of hands
Might swage the first; the *bread* of forein Lands
Might patch their lives, and make some slender shift,
To save a while with necessary thrift:
Me thinks, the second should be less extream
Than that, Alas! poor *Israel* could not dream
Of too much *peace* that had so oft division
Among themselves, and forrain opposition:
Besides, their King was *Martial*, his acts *glorious*,
His hear was *valiant*, and his hand *victorious*;
Me thinks, a Conqueror: a *Man o' th' Sword*
Should ne'er be puzzled at so poor a *sword*:
In both, how ever, *David* at the worst,
Might well presume, he should not die the first.

Enough! the *Plague*'s impartial, it respects
No quality of *Person*, *Age*, nor *Sex*:
The Royal *Breasts* are open to her hand
As is the lowest *Peasant's* in the Land;
*Famine*, the *Sword*, the *Pestilence*, *David* free,
To take his choice, and pick the worst of three!
He that gave *David* power to refuse,
Instructed *David* in the *Art* to chuse,
He knew, no forrain Kingdom could afford
Supply, where God makes *Dearth*: he knew the *sword*
Would want an arm, the arm would want her skill,
And skill *success*, where heav'n prepares to kill:
He knew, there was no trust, no safe recourse
To *Martial* man, or to his warlike horse,
But it is thou, *Great God*, the only close
Of his best thoughts, and the secure repose
Of all his *trust*, he yields to kiss thy *Rod*:
*Israel* was thine, and thou art *Israels* God:
He knew thy gracious *wont*; thy wonted *grace*,
He knew, thy *Mercy* took the upper place
Of all thy *Attributes*, 'twas no adventure
To cast himself on *thee*, the only center
Of all his hopes. Thy *David* knew the danger
To fall to th' hands of man, of *Friend*, or *stranger*:
Thus *Davids* filial hopes, being anchor'd fast
On Gods known *Mercy*, wisely chose the last:
If thou wilt give me *Davids* heart, I le voice,
Great God, with *David*, and make *Davids* choice:
But stay, *dear Lord*, my tongue's too bold, too free,
To speak of choice, that merits all the *Three*.

## XXVIII. *On Mans unequal division.*

LOrd, 'tis a common course; w'are apt and free
To take the best, and share the worst to thee:

We

We Fleet the *Mornings*, for our own Design;
Perchance the Flotten *Afternoons* are thine:
Thou giv'st us *Silk*, we offer *Camels* hair,
Thy *Blessings* match ith' *Front*, our *thanks* ith' *Rear*.

## XXIX. *On Beggars.*

NO wonder that such swarms of *Beggars* lurk
In every street: 'tis a worse trade to work
Than beg; yet some, if they can make but shift
To live, will think it scorn to thrive by gift:
'Tis a brave mind; but yet, no wise forecast:
It is but pride, and pride will stoop at last.
We all are *Beggars* should be so, at least;
Alas! We cannot work: the very best
Our hands can do, will not maintain to live;
We can but hold them up, whilst others give;
No shame for helpless Man, to pray in aid:
Great *Sol'mon* scorn'd not to be *free oth' Trade*:
He begg'd an *Alms* and blush'd not; for the *Boon*
He got, was treble fairer than his *Crown*:
No wonder that he thriv'd by begging, so,
He was both *Beggar*, and a *Chooser* too.
O who would trust to *work*, that may obtain
The Suit he beggs, without or *sweat* or *pain*!
O what a Privilege, great God, have we;
That have the honour, but to beg of thee!
Thou dost not fright us with the tort'ring *whips*
Of *Beadles*; nor dost answer our faint lips
With churlish language: Lord, thou dost not praise
The stricter *Statute* of last *Henry*'s dayes:
Thou dost not damp us with the empty voice
Of *Nothing for ye*; If our clam'rous noise
Should chance t'importune, turn'st thy gracious eye
Upon our wants, and mak'st a quick supply:

Thou

Thou doſt not brand us with th' opprobrious name
Of idle *Vagabonds*; thou know'ſt w' are *lame*,
And cannot work: thou doſt not, *Pharaoh* like,
Deny us *ſtraw*, and yet requireſt *brick*:
Thou canſt not hear us groan beneath our *Taſk*,
But freely giv'ſt, what we have *Faith* to ask;
The moſt for which my large deſire ſhall plead,
To ſerve the preſent's but a *loaf of Bread*,
Or but a *Token*, (ev'n as Beggars uſe)
That, of thy Love, will fill my ſlender *Cruſe*:
Lord, during life, i'le beg no greater *Boon*,
If at my Death thou 'lt give me but a *Crown*.

## XXX. *On the two Children.*

MY *Fleſh* and *Spirit*, Lord, are like thoſe pair
Of *Infants*, whoſe ſad Mothers did repair
To *Juſtice*: Th' one is *quick*; the other *dead*:
The two promiſcuous Parents that do plead
For the live-Child, is *Thee*, and *Satan*, Lord;
Both claim alike: Juſtice calls forth the *ſword*;
And ſeeing both, with equal tears, complain,
Proffers to cleave the children both in twain;
And make them equal ſharers in the ſame,
That both do challenge, and what both diſclaim:
*Satan* applauds the motion, and repli'd,
Nor *thine*, nor *mine*, but let them both divide,
And give alike to both: but thou, dear Lord,
Diſlik'ſt the juſtice of th' unequal *ſword*;
Rather than ſhare it *dead*, thou leav'ſt to ſtrive
And will not own't at all, if not alive:
The *ſword*'s put up, and ſtraight condemns the other
To be the falſe; calls thee, *The nat'ral Mother*,
Lord, of my Soul. It is but Satans wile,
To cheat thy boſome of thy *living Child*.

Hee'd

Hee'd have the queſtion by the *ſword* decided,
Knowing the Soul's but dead, if once *divided*;
My better part is thine, and thine alone;
Take thou the *Fleſh*, and let him gnaw the *Bone*.

## XXXI. *On two Myſteries.*

A Perfect *Virgin*, to bring forth a *Son*!
*One*, three intire; and three intirely one!
Wonder of Wonders! how might all this come?
*We muſt be deaf, when th' Holy Spirit's dumb*;
Spare to enquire it, thou ſhalt never know,
Till *Heav'n* diſſolve, and the laſt *Trump* ſhall blow.

## XXXII. *A form of Prayer.*

IF thou wouldſt learn, not knowing how to pray,
Add but a *Faith*, and ſay as *Beggers* ſay;
*Maſter, I'm poor, and blind, in great diſtreſs*;
*Hungry, and lame, and cold, and comfortleſs*:
*O, ſuccour him, that's gravel'd on the Shelf*
*Of pain and want, and cannot help himſelf*:
*Caſt down thy eye upon a wretch, and take*
*Some pitty on me for ſweet Jeſus ſake*:
But hold! take heed this Clauſe be not put in,
*I never begg'd before, nor will again*!
Note this withall, that beggers move their plaints
At all times, *Ore tenus*; not, by *Saints*.

## XXXIII. *On* Solomon *and the Queen of* Sheba.

IT ſpreads? the ſweet *perfume* of *Solomons* Fame
Affects the *Coaſts*; and his Illuſtrious Name
Cannot be hid: the unbeliev'd report
Muſt fly with Eagles wings to th' honoured *Court*

Of

Of Princely *Sheba*: *Sheba* muſt not reſt,
Untill her eyes become th' invited Gueſt,
Of *Fames* loud Trumpet; her Impatience ſtrives
With light-foot *Time*, while her Ambition drives
Her *Chariot-wheels*, and gives an airy paſſage
To th' quick deliv'ry of her hearts *Embaſſage*:
*True Wiſdom, planted in the hearts of Kings,*
*Needs no more glory than the glory 't brings;*
*And like the Sun, is view'd by her own light,*
*B'ing, by her own reflection, made more bright:*
The emulous *Queen*'s arriv'd; *ſhe's* gon to th' *Court*;
No eye-delighting *Maſque*, no princely *ſport*,
To entertain her? No, her eye, her ear
Is taken up, and ſcorns to ſee, to hear
Inferiour things; Sh' allows her ear, her eye
No leſs than *Oracles*, and *Majeſty*:
*How empty paſtimes do reſolve and fly*
*To their true nothing, when true wiſdome's by!*
Th' arriv'd *Queen* has *audience*, moves diſputes;
Wiſe *Solomon* attends, replys, confutes;
*She* objects, *he* anſwers; *ſhe* afreſh propounds,
*She* proves, maintains it, *he* decides, confounds;
*She* ſmiles, *ſhe* wonders, being over-daz'd,
With his bright beams, ſtands *ſilent*, ſtands amaz'd.
*How Scripture-like* Apocrypha's *appear*
*To common Books! how poor, when* Scripture's *near!*
The Queen is pleas'd, who never yet did know
The blaſt of *Fame* leſs prodigal, than now;
For now the greateſt part of what ſhe knew
*By* Fame, is found t he leaſt of what is true;
*We often find that Fame in prime of Youth:*
*Does add to Falſhoods and ſubſtract from truth:*
The thankful Queen does with a lib'ral hand,
Preſent him with the *Riches* of her Land,
*Where wiſdom goes before, we often find*
*That temporal Bleſſings ſeldom ſtay behind:*

Lord,

Lord, grant me *Wiſdom*, and I ſhall poſſeſs
Enough, have *more*, or have content with *leſs*.

## XXIII. *On* Rehoboam.

COuld dying Parents, at their peaceful death,
Make but a firm *Aſſurance*, or bequeath
Their living virtues; Could they recommend
Their *wiſdom* to their heirs; Could *hearts* deſcend
Upon the boſome of ſucceding Sons,
As well as *Scepters* do, as well as *Thrones*;
Sure *Rehoboams* Reign had found increaſe
Of *Love*, and *Honour*, and had died in *Peace*:
Kingdoms are Tranſitory: *Scepters* go
From hand, to hand; and *Crowns* from brow to brow:
But *Wiſdom* marches on another guize;
They't two things, to be *Worldly-great*, and *Wiſe*;
It was the ſelf ſame *Scepter* that came down
From *Solomon* to thee; the ſelf ſame *Crown*,
That did incloſe his Princely brows and thine;
The ſelf-ſame *fleſh* and *blood*, the next o' th' Line,
The ſelf ſame *people* were alive, to bleſs
The proſperous dayes; but not the ſame *ſucceſs*:
Where reſts the fault, what ſecret miſchief can
*Vn ſame* thy peace? 'twas not the ſelf ſame *Man*.

## XXXIV. *On the prophet, ſlain by the Lion.*

TWas not for malice, nor for want of *Food*,
The obvious *Lion* ſhed this *Prophets* blood:
Where faithleſs man neglects the ſacred *Law*
Of God, there beaſts abate their ſervile *awe*
To man: When Man dares take a diſpenſation,
By ſin, to fruſtrate th' end of mans *Creation*;
The beaſts oft-times by mans example do
Renounce the end of their *Creation* too:

The

The *Prophet* muſt abſtain; He was forbid,
He muſt not eat, and yet the *Prophet* did:
Th' obedient *Lion* had command to ſhed
That *Prophets* blood; and ſee, the *Prophet's* dead:
O, how corrupt's the nature of Mans *Will*,
That breaks thoſe Laws, which very *Beaſts* fulfil!

## XXXV. *On* Ahab.

HOw *Ahab* longs! *Ahab* muſt be poſſeſt
Of *Naboth's Vineyard*, or can find no reſt:
His tongue muſt ſecond his unlawful eye;
*Ahab* muſt ſue, and *Naboth* muſt deny:
*Ahab* grows ſullen, he can eat no bread;
His Body proſtrates on his reſtleſs bed:
*Vnlawful luſt, immoderate, often brings*
*A loathing in the uſe of lawful things.*
*Ahabs* deſire, it muſt not be withſtood,
It muſt be purchas'd, though with *Nabothis* blood:
*Witneſs* muſt be ſuborn'd; *Naboth* muſt lie
Open to *Law*; muſt be condemn'd, and die:
His goods muſt be confiſcate to the *Crown*;
Now *Ahab's* pleas'd: the *Vineyard's* now his own.
*Vnlawful pleaſures, when they juſtle further*
*Than ordinary bounds, oft end in Murther.*
Me thinks the Grapes that cluſter from that *Vine*,
Should (being preſt) afford more *Blood* than *Wine*.

## XXXVI. *On* Rehoboam.

PEople have *Ballances*, wherein to weigh
Their new crown'd *Princes*, which can ſoon bewray
Their native worth; Some counterpoiſe th' allow:
Unhappy *Iſr'el* had not weights enow,
To weigh thy *Fingers*; *Heads* can never reſt
In peace, when their poor Members are oppreſt;

Had

Had thy unlucky *Fingers* weigh'd no more
Than thy light *Judgment*, had thy judgment bore
But half the burthen of thy *Fingers* weight,
Thou hadst been prosperous both in *Crown* and *State*:
The *Lion's known by 's Paw*, the people spends
Their judgment of a Prince by's *Fingers ends*.

## XXXVII. *On Leprous* Naaman.

THE *Leper*, prompted with his loathsome grief,
Seeks to the King of *Isr'el* for relief;
But *Naamans* vain desires could not thrive;
*Israel's* no God; to kill, or *make alive*.
*The Mortal man is of too mean a stature,*
*To reach his hand above the hand of nature;*
The willing Prophet undertakes the *Cure*,
The *Leper* must go *wash*, and be secure
From his *Disease*; he must go paddle straight
In *Jordans water*, 'tis a fair *Receipt*:
And why in *Jordan*? have our *Syrian* streams
Less power than *Isr'els*? sure the Prophet dreams:
*How hard is it for mortals to relie*
*On Faith! how apt is sense, to question why?*
The *Cure* perplexes more than the *Disease*;
Prophets prescribe no better *means* than these?
I look'd his Ceremonious hand should stroke
The *Place*; I look'd the Prophet should invoke:
*Some men would fain be clean, if God would stay*
*Their times, or would but care them their own Way.*
The techy *Leper* is displeas'd, hee'l hence;
The *Jordan-Prophet* dallies against sence;
His wiser servants urge their hasty Lord,
To *Jordan-streams*: He washes, is restor'd:
*How good a God have we, whose grace fulfills*
*Our choise desires, oft times against our wills!*

The

The *Leper's* cleans'd; and now he do's applaud
Not *Isr'els* streams alone, but *Isr'els God*:
The Prophet muſt have thanks, and Gold beſide;
The *thanks* are taken, but the *Gold* deni'd:
*Who would not deal with thee, that art not nice,*
*To ſell ſuch pen'worths at ſo ſmall a price!*
*Naaman*, in lieu of his refus'd reward,
*Vows*, the true God: provided, when his Lord
Shall ſerve ith' houſe of *Rimmon*, if he bow
For faſhion ſake, he may ſecure his *Vow*.
*Some will not ſtick to lend their God an houſe,*
*Might they reſerve one room for their own uſe.*
*Gehazi* thinks the Cure too Cheap: he ſoon
Ore-takes the *Leapers Chariot*, aſks a *Boon*
I'th' *Prophets* name; but mark what did befall,
He got his *Boon*, but got his *Plague* withall:
*Unlawfull gains are leaſt, what they appear,*
*And ill got gold is always bought too dear.*
Lord, I did waſh in *Jordan*, and was cur'd,
My *Fleſh*, that falſe *Gehazi* hath procur'd
A ſinful *purchaſe*, having over-run
The cleanſed *Naaman* of my Soul: What's done
By falſe *Gehazi*, let *Gehazi* beat,
Let *Naamans Leproſie* alone ſtick there:
O, cleanſe them both, or if that may not be,
Lord ſtrike *Gehazi*: and keep *Naaman* free.

## XXXVIII. *On Chamber-Chriſtians.*

NO matter whether (ſome there be that ſay)
Or goe to *Church*, or ſtay at *home*, if pray;
*Smiths* dainty *Sermons* have in plenty ſtor'd me,
With better ſtuff than *Pulpits* can afford me:
Tell me, why pray'ſt thou? Heav'n commanded ſo:
Art not commanded to his *Temple* too?

Small ſtore of manners! when thy Prince bids *come*,
And feaſt at *Court*; to ſay *I've meat at home*.

## XXXIX. *On the widdows Cruſe.*

LOrd I'm in *debt*, and have not wherewithall
To pay: my *ſcore* is great, my wealth but ſmall;
My *houſe* is poorly furniſh'd, and my *food*
Is ſlender, I have nothing that is good:
Lord, if my waſted fortunes prove no better;
My *Debt* is ev'n as deſp'rate as the *Debter*:
All the relief thy ſervant this long while
Hath had, is but a little *Cruſe* of *Oyl*,
There's none will give of *Alms*: I neither get
Enough to ſatiſfie my *wants*, nor *debt*:
Lord, if thee pleaſe to ſhow the ſelf-ſame Art
Upon the ſlender *veſſel* of my heart,
The Prophet did upon the *Widdow's Cruſe*,
I ſhall have Oyl to ſell, have Oyl to *uſe*:
So ſhall my *Debt* be paid, and I go free:
No debt is deſp'rate, in reſpect of thee.

## XL. *On the ſwimming Axe.*

THE borrow'd *Axe* fell in, 'twas loſt, lamented:
The *Prophet* mov'd, the *workman* diſcontented
A *Stick* hewn down, and by the *Prophets* hand
Thrown in the *Axe* did float, and came aland:
And why a *ſtick*? had that the power to call
The *maſſie Iron* up? Sure, none at all:
*Moſes* muſt uſe his *Rod*: *Moſes*, I doubt it,
Had been but lame, but impotent without it:
Nor could that Rod have ſcourged *Pharaohs* Land,
Had it been waved by *another* hand;
God often works by *means*, and yet not ſo
But that he can, as well without them too:

God

God can ſave Man without the help of Man;
But will not; Wills not allways that he can;
Something is left for us, we muſt not lye
Ith' ditch, and cry, *and if we die, we die.*
We muſt not lie like *Blocks*, relying on
The workmans *Axe*, there's ſomething muſt be done:
The workmans *Axe* perchance had never bin
Recall'd again, if not the *ſtick* thrown in;
We muſt be doing, yet thoſe deeds, as our,
Have no more native virtue, nay, leſs power
To ſave us, than that *ſtick* had, to recall
The *Axe* from the deep bottom of his fall:
I will be doing, but repoſe in *Him*;
Throw I in *Sticks*, hee'l make my *Iron* ſwim.

## XLI. *On Baals prieſts.*

Iehu's crown'd King: *Iehu* the King muſt fall
To *Ahab's* gods; *Iehu* muſt worſhip *Baal.*
The gods divided people muſt go call
*Baals* ſacred *Prieſts*: *Iehu* muſt worſhip *Baal.*
None muſt be left behind, they muſt come all,
*Iehu* muſt burn a Sacrifice to *Baal.*
The *Preiſts* come puffing in, both great and ſmall
Muſt wait on *Iehu*, that muſt worſhip *Baal.*
*Baals houſe* is fill'd and crowded to the wall
With people that are come to worſhip *Baal.*
What muſt there now be done? what offering ſhall
Perfume *Baals noſtrils*? ev'n the Prieſts of *Baal*;
*Baals* holy *Temple*'s now become a *Stall*
Of Prieſtly fleſh; of fleſhly Prieſts for *Baal*:
How would our Goſpel flouriſh, if that all
Princes, like *Iehu*, would but worſhip *Baal.*

## XLII. *On the Tempter.*

HOw dares thy *Bandog*, Lord, preſume t' approach
Into the ſacred preſence? or incroach

Upon thy choise *Possession* to devour
Thy sporting *Lambs*? to counterfeit thy pow'r,
And to usurp thy *Kingdom*, ev'n as he
Were Lord, at least a *Substitute* to thee;
Why do'st not rate him? Why does he obtain
Such favours, to have liberty of his *Chain*.
Have we not enemies to counterbuff,
Enow? Is not the *Flesh*, the *World* enough
To foil us? this *abroad*, and that at *home*.
But must that *Satan*, must that *Bandog* come
T' afflict the *weak*, and take the *Stronger* side?
O, are there not enow, enow beside?
Is there not odds enough, when we have none
But mighty *Foes*, nay, *Rebels* of our own,
Beneath a false disguise of love and peace,
That still betray us? Are not these, all these
Sufficient to encounter and o'rethrow
Poor sinful man, but must that *Bandog* too,
Assault us, Lord? We dare not cast our eyes,
Our tim'rous' eyes to heav'n, we dare not rise
From of our aking knees, to plead our case,
When he can commune with thee *face* to *face*?
Nay more, were it but possible to do,
Would draw thee, Lord, to his bold *Fashion* too.
Lord, lend me but thy power to resist
What *Foes* thou send'st, and send what *Foes* thou list?
It is thy *Battail;* if thou please to warm
My Blood, and find the strength, Ile find the arm:
March thou i'th *Front*, Ile follow in the *Rear*:
Come then ten thousand *Bandogs*, Ile not fear.

## XLIII. *On a Cypher.*

*Cyphers* to *Cypher* added, seem to come
(With those that know not *Art*) to a great *Sum*:

But

But ſuch as skill in *Numeration* know,
That worlds of *Cyphers* are but worlds of *ſhow*:
We ſtand thoſe *Cyphers* ere ſince *Adams* fall,
We are but *ſhow*; we are no *ſum* at all:
Our boſome pleaſures, and delights that do
Appear ſo glorious, are but *Cyphers* too:
High-prized *honour*, *friends*, this *houſe*, the *tother*,
Are but one *Cypher* added to another:
Reckon by rules of *Art*, and tell me than,
How great is thy eſtate, Ingenious Man?
Lord be my *Figure*, then it ſhall be known
That I am *Something*; *Nothing* if alone:
I care not in what *place*, in what *degree*;
I do not weigh how ſmall my *Figure* be:
But as I am, I have nor worth, nor vigure:
I am thy *Cypher*, O, be thou my *Figure*.

## XLIV. *On* Haman *and* Mordecai.

THE *King* would fain take reſt, but thought denies
To pay her nightly *tribute* to his eyes:
The *Perſian Chronicle* muſt be brought to ſet
His eyes in quiet till they'r pay'd the *debt*:
He turns the leaves, the firſt he lights upon,
Is the *true ſervice Mordecai* had done:
*Heav'n often works his ends, at ſuch a ſeaſon,*
*When man has will to baniſh ſenſe and Reaſon.*
His loyal ſervice muſt be now recall'd
To bleſt remembrance: *Haman* muſt be call'd
To Council; queſtion'd, but not know the thing
The *King* intends: He muſt adviſe the *King*,
What *Ceremony* muſt be us'd, what *coſt*,
What *Honour*, where the *King* ſhall honour moſt:
*Obſerve but in the progreſs of this ſtory,*
*How God turns Factor for his Servants glory.*

*Haman* perſwaded that ſuch *honour* can
Fit none but him, ne'er queſtions, *Who's the Man.*
His more ambitious thoughts are now providing
A *horſe of State*, for his own Princely riding:
In brief, his Judgement is, that ſuch a one,
Muſt lack no honour, *but the Royal Throne:*
*How apt is man to flatter his own heart!*
*How fara Debter to his falſe deſert!*
The *Royal horſe* is ready, all things fit,
That could be broach'd by a vain glorious Wit;
*Haman* expects his anſwer: his Ambition
Spurs on, wants nothing but his *large Commiſſion.*
*Haman* muſt haſte with all the ſpeed he can,
And ſee it done: But *Mordecai's the Man.*
*God often crowns his Servants, at their Coſt,*
*That hate their perſons, and diſdain them moſt:*
Lord, if thou pleaſe to make me but thine own,
I ſhall have *honour*, ſpight of *honours frown.*

## XLV. *On* Jobs *Temptations.*

GOD queſtions *Satan:* Boaſts his *Iobs* deſert,
In the perfection of a *ſimple heart.*
*Iobs Faith* was fervent; *Satan* was as chill
To yield it, but muſt yield againſt his will;
Condemns it to be *ſervile*, to be bought
With *Gods* own coyn: *Does Iob ſerve God for nought?*
*It is a common tricke, the tempter uſes,*
*The Faith he cannot conquer, he abuſes.*
Alas, that *Faith* requires not ſo much praiſe,
'Tis a good *Faith*, as *Faiths* go now adays;
It is not ſtrengthen'd by the indulgent hand
That bleſt his *Labours*, and inrich'd his *Land*,
Puffe out the *Fire*; his *Faith* will quickly chill:
Satan puffe thou; nay, Satan puffe thy will:

*Nor Ebb, nor Flood, of small, or great estate,*
*Are certain badges of Gods love or hate.*
What's now to do? Poor *Job* must be bereav'n
Of all his stronger *Herds*; *Fire*, sent from Heav'n
Must burn his fruitful *flocks*, that none remain;
His *houses* fall, and all his *Children* slain:
And yet not curse? Alas, poor *Iob* addresses
His thoughts to Heav'n, he worships God and *blesses*:
*The lively Faith that can retain her God,*
*May groan; but seldom rave beneath the Rod.*
But what sayes *Satan* now? The *hedge* is broke,
That fenc'd my Servant *Iob*? What further *Cloak*
For his uprightness hath he? What *presence*
For his continual Love and Innocence?
Has not thy malice had her own desire?
'Twas soundly puff'd, thy puffs have blown the fire:
*Gods trials are like bellows: Satan's Blower,*
*Blows out false Faiths, makes true ones blaze the more,*
True, Lord, His faith is tough; But, *Snails* as well,
Can thrive without, as live within their *shell*:
To save *alive* who would not lose some *Skin*?
Touch but his *Horns*, O how hee'l draw them in.
*Satan*, I give thy malice leave, be free
To peel the *bark*, but spare to touch the *Tree*
*Fear not ye little flock*: *The greatest ill*
*Your foes can do's to scratch*: *They cannot kill.*
What now's th' exploit? Afflicted *Iob* does lie,
A very *Hospital* of misery:
I think, that all the *Ulcers* that have bin
In *Egypt* cur'd, are broken yet out again
In his distempered flesh; *Iob* is still
The very same, not charg'd his God with ill:
*A Faith that lodges in a double Breast,*
*May stand the touch; none but true faith, the Test.*
If these be *flames* poor man must sweater in,
He needs a world of patience, not to sin.

## XLVI. *On bawling Currs.*

I Fear'd, the World, and I, were too acquainted;
I hope my fears are, like her joyes, but painted:
Had I not been a *Stranger*, as I past,
Her bawling *Currs* had never bark'd so fast.

## XLVII. *On* David.

STands it with State, that Princely *David*, who
Did wear the *Crown*, should *play* the *Harper* too?
He plays and sings; His glory ne'er disdains
To dance, and to receive a *Crown* for's pains:
'Tis no disparagement, 'tis no misprision
Of State, to play before the *Great Mustian*.

## XLVIII. *On* Abraham.

THe word is out: Poor *Abr'am* must be gon:
Must take his *Isaac*, take his only Son;
The Son of his *Affection*, him, from whom,
From whose blest *Loynes*, so many *Kings* must come;
Ev'n him must *Abr'am* slay, *Abr'am* must rise,
And offer *Isaac*, a *burnt Sacrifice*.
*God scorns the Offals of our faint desires;*
*He gives the best, and he the best requires.*
*Abr'am* forbears to question; thinks not good
To reason, to advise with *Flesh* and *Blood*:
Begs not young *Isaac* life, nor goes about
T' object the *Law of Murther*; makes no doubt:
He rises, rises early; leads his Son;
Hasts where this holy *Slaughter* must be don:
*Where God bids, Oh, that very Breath's a warrant:*
*We must not linger there, Haste crowns the errant.*

His

His Servants must no further: they must stay;
*Private Devotion claims a private way:*
They must abide with th' *Ass*, whilst th' aged Sire
In t'one hand takes the *Knife*, in t'other *Fire*:
The sacred *Wood* of *Offring* must be pil'd
On the young shoulders of th'obedient *Child*.
*O here mine eye must spend a tear to see*
*Thee bear that Wood, great God, that since, bore thee:*
Mistrustless *Isaac* seeing the wood, the fire,
The *sacrificing Knife* begins t'enquire:
*But where's the sacred Lamb that must be slain?*
Resolved *Abr'am* (lest *the flesh* should gain
Too much of *Nature*) sayes not, *Thou my Son*
*Art he*; but, *The Almighty will provide us one:*
*Where God commands, 'tis not enough t'effect,*
*But we must baulk the occasion of neglect.*
The faithfull *Abr'am* now erects an Altar;
Orders the *wood*: what tongue can choose but faulter,
To tell the rest? He layes his hands upon
His wondering *Isaac*, bindes his only *Son*:
He layes him down, unsheaths his Priestly *Knife*;
Up-heaves his arm to take his *Isaacs* life:
*True faith is active, covets to proceed*
*From thought to action, and from will to deed.*
Before the strengthened stroke had time to fall,
A sudden voice from heav'n, cries *hold*: *Recall*
*Thy threatning Arm, and sheath thy holy Knife,*
*Thy Faith has answer'd for thy Isaacs life:*
*Touch not the Child; thy Faith is throughly shown,*
*That has not spar'd thine own, thine only Son.*
How easie is our God, and liberal, who
Counts it as done, what we have will to doe!

XLIX. On

## XLIX. *On* Censorio.

*Censorio* takes in hand, by sharp reproof
To mend his Brothers error, and to snuffe
His darkned Flame; and yet *Censori'os* crimes
Are rank'd among the foulest of the times:
Let none presume, *Censorio*, to controul
Or top the dim-light of anothers soul,
If not more pure than him that is controll'd;
*The Temple-Snuffers must be perfect gold.*

## L. *On* Mordecai *and* Haman.

TWo *Steeds* appointed were by *Hamans* hand;
The one at *Graß*, the other Steed did stand
In *Persia's Mues*: the former was providing
For *Mordecay*; the last, for *Hamans* riding:
But since, in order, last things prove the worst,
*Hamans* ambition drove him to the First:
But see, proud *Hamans* prouder *Steed* did cast
His glorious rider whilst the *Iew* sits fast.
What matter, *Haman*? *Fortune* though no Friend
Of thine, first brought thee to thy *Iourneys end.*

## LI. *On three Fools.*

THe Wiseman sayes, *It is a wisemans part,*
*To keep his tongue close pris'ner in his heart:*
If he be then a fool, whose thought denies,
*There is a God*, how depst'ratly unwise,
How more than Fool is he, whose language shall
Proclaim in publick, *Ther's no God at all*,
What then are they, nay Fools, in what degree,
Whose actions shall maintain't; *Such Fools are we.*

LII. On

## LII. *On miserable Man.*

ADam the highest pitch of perfect Nature,
And lively Image of his great *Creator*,
Declin'd his God, and by one sinful *Deed*,
Destroy'd himself, and ruin'd all his *seed*:
How wretched then, how desp'rate's our Condition;
Whose ev'ry minute mak.s a Repetition
Of greater sins, against both light of *Nature*,
And *Grace*; against *Creation*, and *Creator*!
Alas! we claim not by *descent*, alone,
But add by hourly purchase of our own:
There is no *breach* of Loyalty, no *sin*,
We are imperfect, and unpractis'd in;
Shall not a world of *sins* bring ruine then
To *One*: when one *sin* slew a world of men?

## LIII. *On mans two Enemies.*

TWo potent Enemies attend on Man;
Th' *on*'s fat and plump, the *other* lean and wan:
Th' *one* fawns, and smiles, the *other* weeps as fast;
The first *Presumption* is, *Despair* the last:
*That* feeds upon the *bounty* of full treasure,
Brings jolly news of *Peace*, and lasting *Pleasure*:
This feeds on *want*, unapt to entertain
Gods *blessings*; finds them ever in the *wain*;
Their *Maxims* disagree; but their *Conclusion*
Is the self same: Both jump in mans *Confusion*;
Lord, keep me from the *first*, or else I shall
Soar up and melt my waxen wings and fall:
Lord, keep the *second* from me; lest I then,
Sink down so low, I never rise agen:
Teach me to know my self, and what I am,
And my *presumption* will be turn'd to shame:

Give

Give me true *Faith*, to know thy dying Son,
What ground has then deſpair to work upon?
T' avoid my ſhipwrack upon either *Shelf*,
O, teach me, Lord, to know my *God*, my *ſelf*.

## LIV. *On Queen* Eſther.

ILluſtrious *Princeſs*, had thy chance not been
To be a *Captive*, thou hadſt been no *Queen*,
Such is the *Fortune* our *Misfortune* brings,
Had we not firſt been *ſlaves*, we'd ne'er been *Kings*.

## LV. *On Slanders.*

HAve ſland'rous tongues been buſie to defame
The precious *Ointment* of my better name?
Or hath cenſorious baſeneſs gone about
With her rude blaſt to puffe my *Taper* out?
They have. And let their full-mouth'd *bellows* puffe;
It is their *Breath* that ſtinks, and not my *Snuffe*:
I, let them Snarle and burſt, that I may ſmile:
Do, let them jerk, and I will laugh the while:
They cannot ſtrike beyond my patience: No,
Ile bear, and take it for an *Honour* too:
The height that my *Ambition* ſhall fly,
Is only to deſerve their *Calumny*:
O, what a Judgment 'twere, if ſuch as they
Should but allow my *Actions*, and betray
My endangered *name* by their maligne applauſe,
To good *Opinion*, that were a juſt Cauſe
Of *Grief* indeed! but to be made the ſtory
Of ſuch baſe tongues, it is my *Crown*, my *Glory*:
I, let them ſpend their *Duſt* againſt the wind,
And Bark againſt the *Moon*, till they be blind,
And weary; Let their malice not forbear
To bawl at *Innocence*, to wound and tear

An abſent name, whilſt their unhallowed tongues
Makes me a glorious *Martyr* in their wrongs:
I beg no Favour: Nay, my hearts deſire
Is ſtill to be *calcin'd* by ſuch a fire;
That, in concluſion, all men may behold
A faire gilt *Counter* from a *Crown of Gold*.
Great God; I care not thus, how foul I ſeem
To *Man*; may I be fair in thy *eſteem*:
It matters not how *light* I ſeem to be
To the baſe world, ſo I be *weight* to thee.

## LVI. *On* Nebuchadnezzar.

WHat luckleſs Accident hath bred ſuch odds
Betwixt great *Babels Monarch*, and his *gods*,
That they ſo oft diſturb him, and affright
His broken ſlumbers with the *Dreams* of night!
Alas, what hath this Princely *Dreamer* done,
That he muſt quit the glory of his Throne,
His Royal *Scepter*, his Impetial *Crown*?
Muſt be exil'd his *Honour*, and come downe,
Below the meaneſt *Slave*, and, for a ſeaſon,
Be baniſh'd from the uſe, the act of *Reaſon*,
Muſt be exil'd from *humane ſhape*, and chew
The cudd, and muſt be moiſtned with the dew
Of Heav'n; nay, differ in no other thing
From the brute beaſts, but that *he was a King*?
What ayl thy gods, that they are turn'd ſo rough,
So full of rage? What, had they meat enough
To fill their *golden* ſtomacks? Was thy knee
Bent oft enough; What might the reaſon be?
Alas, poor harmleſs things! it was not they,
'Twas not their wills; I dare be bold to ſay
They knew it not: It was not they that did it;
They had no pow'r to *act*, or to *forbid* it:

Deſerv'd

Deserv'st thou not, great King, the stile of *beast*:
To serve such gods, whose deities can digest
Their servants open wrong? that could dispense
With what th' endure, without the least offence?
Illustrious *Beast*, me-thinks thy better'd state
Has no great reason to complain of *Fate*:
Thou art more neat to him thou didst adore.
By one *degree*, than ere thou wert before:
'Tis some promotion, that there is less odds
Betwixt thy *Nature*, and thy *senseless gods*.

## LVII. *On* Partio.

HAst thou forsaken all thy *Sins* but One?
Believe it, *Partio*, th'ast forsaken *None*.

## LVIII. *On Ignorance.*

THe greatest *Friend* Religion hath t'advance
Her glory, 's unaffected *Ignorance*:
The burning *Taper* lends the fairest light,
And shines most glorious, in the *shades of night*.

## LIX. *On a great Battel.*

WHen my rebellious *Flesh* doth disagree
With my resisting *Spirit*, me-thinks I see
Two mighty Princes draw into the *Field*,
Where one must win the day, the other yield;
They both prepare; both strike up their *Alarms*,
Both march, both well appointed in their *Armes*.
They both advance their *Banners*: Th' one displays
A *bloody Cross*: The other Colours blaze
A *Globe terrestrial*: *Nature* carries one,
And *Grace* the other, Each by's *Ensign's* known,

They

They meet, encounter, *blows* exchange for *blows*:
Dart is return'd for Dart, they grapple, close:
Their fortune's hurried with unequal *Sails*;
Sometimes the *Cross*, sometimes the *Globe* prevails.
We are that *Field*; And they that strive to win us,
Are *God and Satan*: those, that war within us;
The *Flesh*, the *Spirit*: No patting of the *Fray*,
Till one shall win; the other lose the *Day*:
My God, O weaken this rebellious *Flesh*,
That dares oppose: O, quicken and refresh
My dull and coward *Spirit*, that would yield,
And make proud *Satan Master of the Field*:
Dear Lord, the *Field's* thine own; thou thought'st it good
To purchase't with my dying Saviours *Blood*:
'Tis thine Great God, by *title*, and by *right*;
Why shouldst thou question, what's thy own by sight?
Lord, keep possession thou, and let th'accurst
And base *Vsurper* do his best, his worst.

## LX. *On the world.*

THe World's an *Inne*; And I her *Guest*,
I eat, I drink, I take my rest.
My *Hostess* Nature, does deny me
Nothing wherewith she can supply me:
Where having stay'd a while, I pay
Her *lavish Bills*, and go my way.

## LXI. *On the Sabbath.*

AWay my *thoughts*: Away my *words*, my *deeds*;
Away, what ever nourishes and feeds
My frail *delights*: Presume not to approach
Into my presence, dare not once t'incroach
Upon the hallowed *Temple* of my soul,
Ye are not for this day, y'are all too foul:

Abide

Abide ye with the *Asse*, till I go yonder,
And cleave the *Isaac* of my heart in sunder:
I must go sacrifice, I must goe pray,
I must perform my holy *vows* to day:
Tempt not my tender *frailty*. I enjoyn
Your needful absence; y'are no longer mine:
But if it may not be, that we must sever
Our yok'd affections, and not part for ever:
Yet give me leave without offence, to borrow,
At least, this day, although we meet to *morrow*;

## LXII. *On Prayer.*

In all your prayers, th' Almighty do's regard
The judgement of the *Ballance*, not the *Yard*:
He loves not *Words*, but *Matter*: 'tis his pleasure,
To buy his *Wares* by *Weight*, and not by *Measure*.

## LXIII. *On* Fido.

FInd'st thou no comfort in this fickle Earth,
No Joy at all? No *Object* for thy Mirth?
Nothing but Sorrow? Nothing else but toyle?
What, do thy days shew nothing worth a *smile*?
Do worldly pleasures no contentment give:
Content thee, *Fido*, th' ast not long to live.

## XLIV. *On* Chariſſa.

WOuldst thou, *Chariſſa*, wish thy *fortunes better*
Than, by thy *act*, to make thy God thy debter?
He teach thee how to do't: *Relieve the poor*,
And thou mayest safely set it on Gods *score*.

LXV. *On*

## LXV. *On* Raymond Sebund.

I Wonder, *Raymond*, thy illuſtrous *Wit*,
Strengthned with ſo much *learning*, could commit
So great a folly, as to go about,
By Nature's feeble *light*, to blazen out
Such Heav'n bred *Myſteries*, which the hearts of Men
Cannot conceive, much leſs the darkned *Pen*
Expreſs; ſuch ſecrets, at whoſe depth, the *Quire*
Of bleſſed Angels tremble, and admire:
Could thy vain glory lend no eaſier task
To thy ſublime *Attempt*, than to unmask
The glorious *Trinity*, whoſe Tri-une *face*
Was ne'r diſcovered by the eye of *Grace*,
Much leſs by th' eye of *Nature*, being a ſtory
Objected only to th' eye of *Glory*?
Put out thy light, hold *Raymond*, and be wiſe:
Silence thy tongue, and cloſe th' ambitious eyes.
Such *heights* as theſe, are Subjects far more fit
For holy *Admiration*, than for *Wit*.

## LXVI. *On Sins.*

MY Sins are like the *hairs* upon my head:
And raiſe their *Audit* to as high a ſcore.
In this they differ: Theſe do daily ſhed;
But, ah! my ſins grow daily more and more:
If by my *hairs* thou number out my *ſins*,
Heav'n make me *bald*, before that day begins.

## LXVII. *On the Goſpel.*

OUr *Goſpel* thrives the more by forrain *Iarrs*:
It overcomes in outward *oppoſition*:

But O, it ſuffers ſtill in civil Wars,
And loſes Honour by a *home-diviſion*:
If thou aſſiſt, I care not, Lord, with whom
I war abroad, ſo I have peace at *home*.

## LXVIII. *On the days of Man.*

LOrd, if our days be *few*, why do we ſpend
And laviſh them unto ſo evil an end?
Lord, if our days be evil, why do we wrong
Our ſelves, and thee, to wiſh our *Day* ſo long?
Our *days* decreaſe, but ſtill our *evils* renew;
Great God, we make them *evil*; Thou mak'ſt them *few*.

## LXIX. *On Sins.*

MY Sins are like the *Sands* upon the ſhore;
Which ev'ry *Ebbe* layes open to the Eye:
In this they differ; *Theſe* are cover'd ore
With ev'ry *Floud*; My *ſins* ſhall open lie.
If thou wilt make mine eyes a *Sea of Tears*,
O, they will hide the ſins of all my *years*.

## LXX. *On* Cain *and* David.

THeir Sins were equal, Equal was their guilt;
They both committed *Homicide*, both ſpilt
Their brothers guiltleſs bloud: Nay, of the twain,
The firſt occaſion was leſs foul in *Cain*:
'Twas likely *Cain*'s Murther was in *heat*
Of bloud; there were no former *grudge*, no *threat*:
But *David*'s was a *Plot*; He took the life
Of poor *Vriah*, to enjoy his *Wife*:
Was Juſtice equal? Was her *Ballance* ev'n?
When *Cain* was puniſhed; *David* was forgiv'n:

Both

Both came to tryal; But good *David* did
*Confess* that sin, which cursed *Cain* had *hid*:
*Cain* bewail'd the punishment, wherein
His *Sin* had plung'd him; *David* wayls his *Sin*:
If I lament my *sins*, Thou wilt forbear
To *punish*, Lord; or give me strength, to bear.

## LXXI. *On* Plausus.

P*Lausus* of late hath rais'd an *Hospital*,
Repair'd a *Church*, Founded a *Colledge-Hall*:
*Plausus* hath built an holy *Temple*, vow'd it
To God; Erects a *School*, and has endow'd it;
*Plausus* hath given, through his abundant pitty,
A *Spittle* to the blind, and lame o'th' City:
*Plausus* allows a *Table* for the poor
O'th' Parish; besides those, he feeds at door.
*Plausus* relieves the *Prisons*, Mends the *Wayes*,
Maintains a *Lecture* on the *Max ket days*;
*Plausus* in brief, for bounty bears the *Bell*;
*Plausus* hath done much *Good*; but nothing *Well*:

## LXXII. *On Sins.*

MY Sins are like the *Stars*, within the Skies;
In view, in number, ev'n as bright, as great:
In this they differ: *These* do set and rise,
But ah! my Sins do *rise*, but never *set*:
Shine *Sun of Glory*, and my sins are gone,
Like twinkling *Stars*, before the rising *Sun*.

## LXXIII. *On change of Weather.*

AND were it for thy profit, to obtain
All *Sunshine*? No vicissitude of *Rain*?

Think'ſt thou that thy laborious *Plough* requires
Not Winter *froſts*, as well as Summer *fires*?
There muſt be both: Sometimes theſe hearts of ours
Muſt have the ſweet, the ſeaſonable ſhowrs
Of *tears*: Sometimes the Froſt of *chill Deſpair*,
Makes our deſired *Sunſhine* ſeem more *fair*:
*Weathers*, that moſt oppoſe to Fleſh and Blood,
Are ſuch as help to make our *Harveſt* good:
We may not chooſe, Great *God*; It is thy *Task*:
We know not what to *have*; nor how to *aſk*.

## XXIV. *On* Proſper.

TAke heed thou proſp'rous *ſinner*, how thou liv'ſt
In Sin, and thriv'ſt:
Thou that doſt flouriſh in thy *heaps of Gold*,
And ſums untold:
Thou, that haſt never reaſon to complain
Of *Croſs*, or *Pain*:
Whoſe unafflicted *Conſcience* never found
Nor *Check*, nor *Wound*.
Believe it, *Proſper*, thy deceitful Leaſe
Allows thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.
Thy golden *heaps* are nothing but the price
Of *Paradiſe*!
Thy *flattering* pleaſures, and thy airy *joyes*,
But painted *Toyes*:
Thy peaceful Conſcience is but like a *Dog*,
Tyed in a *Clog*.
Believe it, *Proſper*, thy deceitful Leaſe
Allows thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.
Thy heaps of Gold will ſtand thee in no ſteed,
At greateſt need:
Thy *Empty* Pleaſures will convert thy laughter,
To *Groans* hereafter;

Thy

Thy silent *Conscience*, when inlarg'd will roar,
And rage the more.
Believe it, *Prosper*, thy deceitful Lease
Affords thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.

## LXXV. *On the sight of a plague-Bill.*

*Five thousand in a week*, in one poor City
Because it was thy *pleasure*, 'Twas no pity:
Why shoul'dst thou pity us, Just God, when we
Could never find a time to pitty thee?
Thou never strik'st without a reason why,
Nor often, then: We easily cast our eye
Upon the *punishment*, but blind to th' *sin*,
That far transcends the *judgement* it calls in;
O, if the weekly *Bills* of our transgression,
Could but appear, and make as deep impression
In our sad hearts, to make our hearts but know
As great a sorrow, as our *plague-Bills* do;
No doubt, no doubt, but Heavens avenging hand
Would turn a stranger to our prosp'rous Land:
O, if that weekly *Catalogue* of sin
Could with our *City-Bills* be brought but in,
And be compar'd, wee'd think our *Bills* not high;
But rather wonder there are men to *die*.

## LXXVI. *On Theaters.*

Six *dayes* were made for *work*, the seventh for *rest*;
I read of none, that heav'n ordain'd for *Play*:
How have our looser *Theaters* transgrest
The *Decalogue*, that make it ev'ry *Day*?
Me thinks that they should change their trade for shame,
Or honour't with a more laborious name.

## LXXVII. *On Players, and Ballad-Mungers.*

OUr *merry* Ballads, and *lascivious* playes
Are much alike: To common censure both
*Do* stand or fall: Th' one *sings*, The other *sayes*;
And both are *Fripp'ries* of another Froth:
In short, They't *priest* and *Clark* of *Belial's* Altar;
T' one makes the *Sermon*, t'other tunes the *Psalter*.

## LXXVIII. *On God and the King.*

OUr *God* and *Prince*, (whom *God* for ever bless)
Are both, in *mercy*, of a *Constitution*:
Both slow, till meer necessity shall press,
To put their penal *Laws* in Execution:
And mark, how in a like success they joyn:
At both we *grumble*, and at both repine.

## LXXIX. *On the life and death of Man.*

THe life of Man is but th' imperfect Story
Of his adventure towards future Glory,
For *death* to finish: Who will stick to say,
A glorious *Ev'n* foretels a glorious *Day*?

## LXXX. *On* FOX.

THere was a time, (wo worth that heavy time)
When nay'nous *Foxes* did devour the prime,
And choice of all our *Lambs*: But Heav'n did raise
A more ingenious *FOX*, in after-dayes,
Whose high immortal Pen redeem'd their breath,
And made those *Lambs* revive, in spight of death:
To see how mutuall Saintly favours be!
Thou gav'st them life, that now give life to thee:

## LXXXI. *On the Book of Common-prayer*

THe Book of *Common-Pray'r* excels the reſt;
For *Pray'rs* that are moſt *Common*, are the beſt.

## LXXXII. *To* Mundano.

WOuldſt thou, *Mundano*, prove *too great, too ſtrong*
For peeviſh *Fortunes* angry brow to wrong,
Renounce her Power; Baniſh *Fortune* hence,
And truſt thee to the hands of *Providence*:
The pooreſt heart that ever did importune
Heav'ns aid, is far above the frowns of *fortune*.

## LXXXIII. *On* Rome's *Sacrifices.*

IT cannot be excus'd: it is a wrong
Proceding from a too too partial tongue,
To ſay, The profer'd Service of falſe *Rome*
Had no good ſavour, and did never come
To th' *gates* of Heaven; Fie! poor *Rome*'s bely'd:
For when our *Troops* of glorious *Martyrs* dy'd,
In that warm *Age*? who were their *Prieſts*? by whom
Was their bloud ſhed? was't not by holy *Rome*?
Such ſweet *Perfumes*, I dare be bold to ſay,
*Rome* never burnt before, nor ſince that day:
A ſweeter *Incenſe*, ſave his dying *Son*,
Heav'n ne'er accepted ſince this World begun.

## LXXXIV. *On a Dead Man.*

IT is a common uſe to entertain
The knowledge of a great man by his *Train*:
How great's the dead-man then? There's none that be
So backt with troops of *Followers as he.*

## LXXXV. *On Corner-sinners.*

SUch men are like to *Owls*; They take delight,
To make the night their day; the *day*, their night;
They hate the *Sun*, and love dark corners best,
But they shall howl, when *day birds* are at rest.

## LXXXVI. *On the Kite.*

MArk but the soaring *Kite*, and she will read
Brave *rules* for *Dyet*, teach thee how to feed;
She flies aloft; she spreads her airy plumes
Above the reach, above the nauseous fumes
Of dang'rous *earth*; she makes her self a stranger
T' inferiour things, and checks at ev'ry *danger*;
At length, she stoops; and with a brave disdain
She strikes her *prey*, and mounts her up again.
By her example, learn to use the earth
And thou shalt find less *mischief*, and more *mirth*.

## LXXXVII. *On* Formio.

FOrmio bewails his *sins* with the same heart,
As *Friends* do *Friends*, when they'r about to part:
Believe it, *Formio* will not entertain
*A merry thought*, untill they meet again.

## LXXXVIII. *On Bosome-Sins.*

HOw loth is *Flesh* to yield the *Spirit* to win
The glorious Conquest of a *Bosome-sin*!
O, how th' ingenious *flesh* will plead, abuse
The height of *Wit*, to argue, or excuse!
At length it yields: O give it leave to stay
A year, a month, a week, at least, a day;

And

And if not ſo, yet let my breaking heart
*But* hugg it once or twice before we part:
Let me but take my leave, my thoughts ſhall bind me
From the leaſt touch; let me but look behind me:
Nay ſin, *Gehazi*-like, will have a blow
At cleans'd *Naamans bounty*, e're ſhe go.

## LXXXIX. *On the Eccho.*

AN *Eccho's* nothing, but a forc'd rebound,
Or any repercuſſion of a *Sound*,
Proceeding from ſome *hollow place*, well known
To have no *bulk*, no *Being* of her own:
It is no *ſubſtance*, nothing but a *Noiſe*;
An *empty ſound*, the picture of a voice:
Such is my *Courtly Friend*; at my requeſt
Hee'l breath his ſervice from his hollow breaſt,
And *Eccho-like* for ev'ry word that's blown
Into his ears, returns me *two* for *one*:
But when they come to th' Teſt, alas they'r found
More light than *Air*, meer ſhaddows of a Sound:
Ile truſt my God, His bounty ſtill affords
As many *deeds*, as my falſe Friends do *words*.

## XC. *On a Water-Mill.*

THe formal Chriſtian's like a *Water-Mill*:
Untill the *Flood-gate's* open, he lies ſtill:
He cannot work at all, he cannot dream
Of going, till his wheels ſhall find the ſtream.

## XCI. *On* Paul, *and* Apollos.

TIs not what this man, or what that man ſaith,
Brings the leaſt *ſtone* to th' building of my faith;

My

My ear may ramble, but my *conſcience* follows
No man: I'm neither *Paul's*, nor yet *Apollo's*:
When Scripture-*gold* lies by me, is it juſt
To take up my Salvation upon *Truſt*?
My Faith ſhall be confin'd to no mans *Liſts*;
Ile only follow *Paul*, as *Paul* is *Chriſts*.

## XCII. *On* Morus.

IF a poor timorous *Hare* but croſs the way,
*Morus* will keep his chamber all the day;
What *Ev'l* portends it, *Morus*? It does ſhow,
That *Morus* is *not wiſe* for thinking ſo.
But *Morus* keeps his *Chamber*: there will be,
*Morus*, one *Fool* the leſs abroad by *Thee*,

## XCIII. *On ſome Faiths.*

SOme Faiths are like thoſe *Mills* that cannot grind
Their *corn*, unleſs they work againſt the *Wind*.

## XCIV. *On the Temporizer.*

HE ſeems to be a *Man of War*, His ſayle
Being fill'd and proſper'd with a fore-right *Gale*
Makes ſpeedy way; and with her *Keel* divides
The ſparkling furrows of the ſwelling *Tides*;
Or if the wind ſhould ſlack, or ceaſe to blow,
Can make a ſhift to tide it to and fro;
But if it proves a *Storm*, or the wind croſs,
His wavering *Bottom* ſoon begins to toſs
Upon the troubled *waves* without regard
Of either *Steer*, or yet the *Sea-mans Card*:
His prouder courage quails, and the rough water
Tranſports his wandering *keel*, he knows not whither;

Till

Till after many a ruin threatning knock,
Hee's over whelm'd, or split upon a *Rock*.

## XCV. *On our Sins.*

IT is an Errour ev'n as foul to call
Our sins too *great* for pardon, as too *small*.

## XCVI. *On the Hypocrite.*

HEe's like a *Christmas-candle*, whose good name
Crowns his fair actions with a glorious *flame*;
Burns clear and bright, and leaves no ground for doubt
To question, but he stinks at going out;
When Death puffs out his *Flame*; the snuff will tell
If he were *Wax* or *Tallow* by the smell.

## XCVII. *On Secret-mungers.*

HE, that at *Secrets* shall compose his aim,
Is like the *Fly* that sports about the Flame;
He never leaves to buzze, until he brings
*Himself* to ruine, or at least his *wings*:
And like a desp'rate *Fly*, though he has bin
Once scorch'd, hee'l venture at the *Flame* agin.

## XCVIII. *On a Fly.*

THe Sun delighting *Fly* repairs, at first
To the full *Cup* only to quench her thirst;
But, oftentimes, she sports about the *Brink*,
And sips so long till she be drown'd in *Drink*:
When wanton leisure shall present thine eye
With lavish Cups, *Remember but the Fly.*

XCIX. On

## XCIX. *On Scripture and Apocrypha.*

WHen as the *Scripture* opens to mine eyes;
I ſee my Lord in's bed; but when I meet
Th' *Apocrypha* at th'end, me-thinks it lies,
Like his well countenanc'd *page*, at his *Beds feet*;
Who wears his Lords *old cloaths*, made leſs, and ſayes
His own *Inventions*, in his Maſters *Phraſe*,

## C. To my Book.

HEre comes a Critick, *Cloſe thy page,*
*Thou art no* Subject *for this Age:*
*And Cenſure, oftentimes, ye know,*
*Will ſtrike the* Dove, *and ſpare the* Crow:
*But hold; thy Guilt does not require,*
*That thou ſhouldſt lurk, or yet retire;*
*Be open as the* Eye of noon,
*And let Dogs bark againſt the* Moon:
*Thou haſt no Luſter of thy own,*
*But what's deriv'd from heaven alone,*
*Fear not: Thy Heaven inſtructed* Page,
*Will either* pleaſe, *or* teach *the Age.*

The end of the ſecond Book.

# DIVINE FANCIES.

## The Third Book.

### I. *On old Wine and new.*

OLd crazy *Casks* are not design'd to hold
*New Wines*, nor yet new Vessels, for the *Old*;
*Old* must with *Old*, and *new* with *new* be fill'd,
Else will the Vessels *break*, and Wine be *spill'd*.
These empty *Vessels* are thy heart and mine;
The *Law* and *Gospel* represents the Wine:
The new's the *Spirit*; and the old's the *Letter*;
With reverence to the Text, *the new's the better*.

### II. *On Zacharias and the blessed Virgin.*

HIs tongue requir'd a *Sign*, which might afford
A clearer *Evidence*, than the Angel's word;
And had it too: Until those things shall come
To pass, his faithless lips are stricken *dumb*.
Our blessed *Virgin*, at her *Salutation*,
Seem'd even as *faithless*, on the self-same fashion:

Her

Her lips reply'd, *And how can these things be?*
Hard justice! Why *he* pupilh'd, and not *she*?
The Reason's easie to be riddled ours;
Hers, was the voice of wonder; his, of *doubt*.

## III. *On a Picture.*

Some *Pictures*, with a fore-right eye, if seen,
Present unto the view some beauteous Queen;
But step aside, and it objects the shape,
On this side, of an *Owl*; on that, an *Ape*:
Look full upon the World, It proves the Story,
And Beauteous *Picture* of th' Almighty's Glory.
But if thy change of posture lead thy sight
From the full view, to th' *left hand*, or the *right*,
It offers to thine eye but painted *Toyes*,
Poor *Antick Pleasures*, and *deceitful Joyes*.

## IV. *On* Servio.

*Servio's* in *Law*, If *Servio* cannot pay
His *Lawyers Fee*, *Servio* may lose the *day*.
No wonder, formal *Servio* does trudge
So oft to Church; He goes to *bribe* his Judg.

## V. *On* Peter's *Cock*.

THe Cock crow'd *once*; and *Peter's* careless ear
Could hear it, but his eye not spend a tear:
The Cock crow'd *twice*, *Peter* began to creep
To th' *Fire* side, but *Peter* could not weep:
The Cock crow'd *thrice*, Our Saviour turn'd about,
And look'd on *Peter*; now his tears burst out.
'Twas not the *Cock*, it was our Saviours *Eye*,
Till he shall give us *tears*, we cannot *cry*.

VI On

## VI. *On* Ambidexter.

GOD keep my *Goods*, my *Name*, they never fall
Into the *Net* of *Ambidexters* Laws.
But for a *Cauſe*, he ſeldom prayes at all;
But curſes evermore with out a *Cauſe*:
I'de rather have his *Curſes* all the day,
Than give his Conſcience the leaſt cauſe to *pray*.

## VII. *On* Lazarus, *the Damoſel, and a Sinner.*

*Laz'rus come forth*: Why could not *Laz'rus* plead
I cannot come, Great God, for I am dead?
*Dam'ſel ariſe*: When *death* had clos'd her eyes,
What power had the *Dam'ſel* to ariſe?
*Sinner repent*: Can we as dead, in ſin,
As *Laz'rus*, or the *Dam'ſel*, live agin?
Admit we could, could we appoint the hour?
The voice that calls, gives, and gives then the power.

## VIII. *On Sin.*

HOw, how am I deceiv'd? I thought my bed
Had entertain'd a fair, a beauteous *Bride*:
O, how were my believing thoughts miſled
To a falſe *Beauty*, lying by my ſide!
Sweet were her *Kiſſes*, full of choiſe delight;
My Fancy found no difference in the *night*.
I thought they were true *Ioyes*, that thus had led
My darkned Soul, but they were falſe *Alarms*:
I thought I'd had fair *Rachel* in my Bed,
But I had bleer-ey'd *Leah* in my arms:
How ſeeming ſweet is *Sin*, when cloath'd with night!
But when diſcover'd what a *loath'd* delight!

IX. *On*

## IX. *On Repentance.*

'Tis not, to *cry God mercy*, or to sit
And droop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd;
'Tis, to bewail the sins, thou didst commit:
And not commit those sins, thou hast bewail'd:
He that bewails, and not forsakes them too,
Confesses rather, what he means to do.

## X. *On Man.*

MAn is a moving *Limbeck*, to distil
Sweet-smelling Waters, wherewithal to fill
Gods empty *Bottle*; Lord, do thou inspire
Thy quick'ning *Spirit*, put in thy sacred *Fire*;
And then mine eyes shall never cease to drop,
Till they have brimm'd thy *Bottle* to the Top:
I can do nothing, Lord, till thou inspire;
I'm a cold *Limbeck*, but expecting *Fire*.

## XI. *On the pouring out of our hearts.*

'Tis easie to *pour in*; but few, I doubt,
Attain that curious Art, of *pouring out*:
Some pour their hearts, like *oyl*, that there resides
An unctuous substance still about the sides:
Others, like *Wine*, which though the *substance* pass,
Does leave a kind of *savour* in the Glass:
Some pour their hearts, like *milk*, whose *hiew* distains
Though neither *substance*, nor the *scens* remains:
How shall we pour them then, that *smell*, nor *matter*,
Nor *colour* stay? *Pour out your hearts like water.*

XII. *On*

## XII. On *Friends.*

GOd ſhield me from thoſe Friends, I *truſt;* and be
My firm defence from ſuch, as *truſt not* thee.

## XIII. On *the Hypocrite.*

HE's like a *Bull-Ruſh;* ſeems ſo ſmooth that not,
The eye of *Cato* can deſcry a knot:
Pill but the *bark*, and ſtrip his ſmoother skin,
And thou ſhalt find him ſpungie all within:
His brows are always ponderous as Lead,
He ever droops, and hangs his *velvet* head:
He waſhes often, but if thou enquire
Into his depth, his roots are fixt in *mire.*

## XIV. On Servio.

*Servio* would thrive, and therefore do's obey
Gods Law, and ſhuts up Shop o'th Sabbath day:
*Servio* would proſper in his home-affaires,
And therefore dares not miſs his *Diet-prayers:*
*Servio* muſt put to *Sea*, and does implore,
To th' end that he might ſafely come *aſhore.*
*Servio*'s in Suit, and therefore muſt be tyed
To morning prayer, until his *Cauſe* be tried.
*Servio* begins to loath a ſingle life,
And therefore prays for a high portion'd *Wife:*
*Servio* would fain be thought religious too,
And therefore prays as the *Religious* do:
*Servio* ſtill prays for *Profit*, or *Applauſe:*
*Servio* will ſeldom pray, without a *Cauſe.*

## XV. *On the Devil's Master-piece.*

THis is the heigh the Devils *Art* can show,
To make man proud, because he is not so.

## XVI. *On our Saviours Fishing.*

WHen as our blessed Saviour took in hand
To be a *Fisher*, Mark the rule he keeps;
He first puts off a little from the Land:
And, by degrees, he launch'd into the *Deeps*.
By whose example, our *Men fishers* hold
The self-same course; they do the same, or *should*.

## XVII. *On Mans greatest Enemy.*

OF all those mortal Enemies, that take part
Against my Peace, *Lord*, keep me from my *Heart*.

## XVIII. *On the Hypocrite.*

HE's like a *Reed*, that always do reside,
Like a well planted *Tree*; by th'water side:
He bears no other fruit, but a vain brag
Of formal sanctity; A very *Flag*:
He's round, and full of substance, to the show;
*But* hollow-hearted if inquir'd into:
In peacefull seasons, when the weather's fair
Stands firm; but shakes with every blast of *Air*.

## XIX. *On the holy Scriptures.*

WHy did our blessed Saviour please to break
His sacred thoughts in *Parables*, and speak

In

In dark *Ænigma's*? Whosoever thou be
That findst them so, they were not spoke to thee:
In what a case is he, that haps to run
Against a Post, and cries, How *dark's the Sun*?
Or he, in Summer, that complains of *Frost*?
*The Gospel's hid to none, but who are lost*:
The Scripture is a *Ford*, wherein 'tis said,
An Elephant may *swim*, a Lamb may *wade*.

## XX. *On mans Heart.*

NAture presents my heart in *One*.
Fair civil carriage *gilds* it 'ore;
Which when th' Almighty shall behold
With a pleas'd eye, he brings to *gold*;
Thus chang'd, the Temple-*Ballance* weighs it;
If dross remain, the *Touch* bewrays it,
Affliction's *Furnace* then refines it;
Gods holy Spirit stamps and coins it;
No coin so currant; it will go
For the best *Wares*, that Heaven can show.

## XXI. *On Drunkenness.*

MOst Sins, at least, please sense; but this is Treason
Not only 'gainst the *crown* of *Sense*, but *Reason*.

## XXII. *On a Kiss.*

E'Re since our blessed Saviour was betray'd
With a *Lip-kiss*, his Vicar is afraid;
From whence, perchance, this common use did grow
To kiss his t' other end; I *mean his Toe*.

## XXIII. *On the Alchymist.*

THe patient *Alchymist*, whose vain desire,
By Art, is to dissemble Natures *Fire*,
Imploys his labour to transmute the old,
And baser *substance* into perfect Gold;
He laughs at unbelievers, scorns and flouts
Illiterate *Counsel*, neither cares, nor doubts;
Untill at length, by his ingenious *itch*,
He's brought most poor, in seeking to be rich:
Such is the *Civil man*; that by his eaven
And level actions, hopes to merit Heaven;
He thinks by help of *Nature* to acquire,
At least to counterfeit the sacred fire
Of saying *Grace*, to purge, and to refresh
His base desires, and change his *stone* to *flesh*;
He spurns at Counsel; he derides and jerks
Those whining spirits that renounce their *works*;
Till, too much trusting to their doing well,
In seeking Heaven, they find the flames of Hell.

## XXIV. *On the ten Lepers.*

TEn *Lepers* cleansed? And but one of ten
Return the *Cleanser* thanks? Ungrateful men;
But *Ten* ith' *Hundred*? that's a Gain that we
Receive or Sue, yet oft deny it Thee.

## XXV. *On the last Epigram.*

HOw, how am I deceiv'd, that speaks to thee
Of *Interest*, when the purchase was in *Fee*?
Thou mad'st a clean *Conveyance* to the Ten,
And never expect'dst the *Principal* agen:

Lord,

Lord, we muſt reckon by another *Rate*;
They gave not one years Purchaſe for th' *Eſtate*:
Lord, how we palter with thee! We pretend
A preſent Payment, till we obtain our *End*:
And then we crave, and crave a longer *Day*,
Then pay in *Driblets*; or elſe never pay.

## XXVI. *On the Box of Ointment.*

IT is no wonder, he above the reſt,
Whom *thirty pieces* tempted to betray
The Lord of *Glory* to his death, profeſt
The *Box of Ointment* was but caſt away:
He that dare *murmure* at ſo ſmall a coſt,
May eaſily think the charge in *Burial* loſt.

## XXVII. *On* Mary *and* Judas.

MAry did kiſs him; *Iudas* kiſt him too,
But both their aims were cover'd in a *miſt*:
Both kiſs our *Saviour*, but their kiſſes do
Differ as far as did the parts they kiſt,
There's danger ſtill, where double hearts do ſteal
The form of *Love*, or wear the cloak of *Zeal*.

## XXVIII. *On our Saviour and his Vicar.*

ME-thinks thy *Vicar Gen'ral* bears the Keys,
And executes thy *Place* with greater eaſe,
And in one *Iubilee* enjoyes more mirth,
Than thou, my dying Lord, didſt from thy Birth:
Alas! Thou hadſt not wherewithall to fill
Thy craving ſtomack: He has *Cates* at will:
Thy empty Coffers had not to deſray
Thy *Tribute-charge*: To him, Kings *Tribute* pay.

Foxes have holes; thou hadſt not, whereupon
To reſt thy wakeful head; He ſnorts in *Down*:
In ſhort, thy life was nothing but the Story
Of *Poverty*, and his of Princely *Glory*.
When tempting Satan would have giv'n thee all
The *wealth* and *glory* of the world, to fall
And worſhip him; at thy refuſal, Lord,
Thy Vicar took the *Tempter* at his word:
So came thy wants ſo great, ſo great his ſtore;
The Vicar is ſo *rich*; the Lord ſo *poor*.

## XXIX. *On the great Prelate.*

OUr Saviours *feet* were kiſt; the people do
The very ſame to thee, great *Prelate*, too:
O, who will ſeal but ſuch another *Kiſs*
Upon thy *Lips*, our Saviour had on his!

## XXX. *On Idolatry.*

CAn common madneſs find a thing, that's more
Repugnant to the very Laws of *Nature*?
That the Creators *Image* ſhould adore
The ſenſleſs Image of a ſenſual *creature*!
If ſuch be Gods; if ſuch our helpers be,
O, What are Men! How more than Beaſts are we?

## XXXI. *On the Tables of Stone.*

THat ſtony *Table* could receive the print
Of thy juſt *Laws*; thy *Laws* were written in't:
It could be hew'd, and letters grav'n thereon;
Sure, Lord, my Heart is harder than that *ſtone*.

## XXXII. *On mans three Enemies.*

THere's three that with their fiery *Darts*, do level
Against my Soul, the *World*, the *Flesh*, the *Devil*:
Lord, give me patience, if not ſtrength; For there
Are *three* t' afflict me; I'm but one to bear.

## XXXIII. *On* Dinah.

WHen *Dinahs* careleſs *eye* was grown too laviſh
To entertain, *Sechem* found time to *raviſh*:
*It is no leſs than ſilent invitation,*
*Although we ſcorn the ſin, to give th' occaſion:*
Sure *Dinahs* Reſolution was too ſtrong,
Or to admit, or not *reſiſt* a *wrong*.
And ſcorns to ſtoop to the *Aduls'rers* arms,
*We often burn, intending but to warm's.*
She went but out to ſee; Perchance, to hear
What *Luſt* could ſay: What harm to lend an ear?
*Anothers ſin, ſometimes, procures our ſhames:*
*It ſtains our Bodies, or at leaſt, our names.*

## XXXIV. *On* Fido.

MArk, when the good man proſpers with his *plot*,
Hee's ſtill envy'd; deſpis'd, if proſper not:
The wicked have no *peace* with God; And, then,
How canſt thou, *Fido*, look t' have *peace* with men?

## XXXV. *On* Jacob.

HOw *Iacob's* troop'd? *Laban* purſues with one
Great *Troop*; and *Eſau* meets him with another:
*Laban* reſolves to apprehend his Son;
*Eau* to be reveng'd upon his Brother:

*Me thinks, I see how* Jacob *stands suppli'd,*
*Like Virtue, with a voice on either side.*
*Laban* pursues him to regain his *Gods,*
*Esau* t' avenge his *Birth-right* and his *Blessing:*
What hope has *Iacob* now? 'Twixt both, 'tis odds;
There will be either *Death,* or *dispossessing:*
*God takes delight to turn our helper then,*
*When all our helps and hopes are past with men.*
*Laban's* encounters *Iacob;* He requires,
His *gods:* And *Esau's* near at hand by this.
*Laban's* appeas'd; and quench'd are *Esau's* Fires:
T' one leayes him; T' other meets him with a *Kiss:*
*Iacob's* in league with both. *The Soul that shall*
*Have peace with God, has league and peace with all.*

## XXXVI. *On Drunkenness.*

IT is a *Thief;* that oft before his face,
Steals *Man* away, and layes a *Beast* in's place.

## XXXVII. *On a Tenise-Court.*

MAn is a *Tenise-Court;* his Flesh the *Wall;*
The Gamesters, *God,* and *Satan,* the Heart's the *Ball:*
The higher and the lower *Hazzards* are
Too bold *Presumption,* and too base *Despair:*
The *Rackets,* which our restless *Balls* make fly,
*Adversity* and sweet *Prosperity:*
The Angels keep the *Court,* and mark the place
Where the *Ball* falls; and chalk out ev'ry *Chase.*
The *Line's* a Civil life, we often cross;
O're which, the *Ball* not flying, makes a *Loss:*
*Detractors* are like *Standers by,* and bett
With Charitable men; Our *Life's* the Sett.
Lord, in this *Conflict,* in these fierce *Assaults,*
Laborious *Satan* makes a world of *Faults:*

Forgive

Forgive them, Lord, although he ne'r implore
For ſavour, they'l be ſet upon our *ſcore*:
O, take the *Ball*, before it come to th' ground,
For this baſe *Court* has many a *falſe rebound*,
Strike, and ſtrike hard, and ſtrike above the *Line*:
Strike where thou pleaſe, ſo as the *Set* be thine.

## XXXVIII. *On* Abel's *bloud.*

ABel was ſilent, but his *bloud* was ſtrong,
Each drop of guiltleſs *bloud* commands a tongue
A tongue that *cries*, 'Tis not a tongue, implores
For *gentle Audience*. 'Tis a tongue that roars
For hideous *Vengeance*, 'Tis a tongue that's bold
And full of *Courage*, and that cannot hold:
O, what a noiſe my bleſſed Saviours *Bloud*
Makes now in Heav'n! how ſtrong it cries! how loud!
But not for *Vengeance*: From his ſide has ſprung
A world of *drops*; from ev'ry drop, a *Tongue*.

## XXXIX. *On the Memory.*

DOes thy corrected frailty ſtill complain
Of thy diſloyal *Mem'ry*? Do'ſt retain
Nothing that's good? And is the better part
Of what thou hear'ſt, before it warm thy heart,
Snatcht from thy falſe *Remembrance*? is the moſt
Of what th' inſpired *Prophets* tell thee, loſt
In thy unhoſpitable ears? and not
To be recall'd? Quite buried? Quite forgot?
Fear not: Thou haſt a *Chanc'lour* in thy Breaſt,
That keeps th' *Exchequer*, and hoards up the leaſt,
The *pooreſt Sum*: No, no, thou need'ſt not fear,
There's nothing will be loſt that's taken there:
Think'ſt thou, that thou haſt loſt that piece of *Gold*
That's dropt into a fairer *Heap*, untold?

Or

Or can'ſt thou judge, that *Fire*, clos'd about
With rak'd up *Embers*, 'cauſe not ſeen, is out?
*Gold*, loſt in greater *Sums* is ſtill thine own;
And rak'd up *Embers* will, in time, be blown
To *Flames*: Believe't the *Words* thine ears have loſt,
Thy *heart* will find, when thou ſhalt need them moſt.

## XL. *On the Babel-builders.*

SUre, if thoſe *Babel-builders* had thought good
To raiſe their heav'n high *Tower* before the *Flood*,
The wiſer ſort of people might deride
Their *folly*, and that folly had ſalv'd their *pride*;
Or, had their *Faiths* but enterpriz'd that *plot*,
Their *hearts* had finiſht what their hands could not:
'Twas not for love of heav'n: nor did they aim
So much to raiſe a *Building*, as a *Name*:
They that by *Works* ſhall ſeek to make intruſion
To heav'n, find nothing but their own *Confuſion*.

## XLI. *On* Eſau, *and* Jacob.

ESau goes forth; ſtrives with his own diſquiet,
To purchaſe *Ven'ſon* for his Fathers Diet:
*Jacob* abides at home; and by his *Mother*,
Is taught the way, how to ſupplant his brother;
There's ſomewhat hunt, like *Eſau*, ſweat and toil,
And ſeek their *Bleſſing* by their own *Turmoil*;
Whil'ſt others crave aſſiſtance, and bewray
Their wiſer *weakneſs*, in a ſafer *Way*?
O, if the Church, my *Mother*, will inſtruct me,
Make *ſavory meat*, and cloth me, and conduct me
Into my Fathers *Armes*, theſe hands ſhall never
Truſt to the poorneſs of their own *Endeavour*:
Bring I a *Kid* but of my *Mothers* dreſſing,
'T will pleaſe my *Father*, and procure my *Bleſſing*.

XLII. *On*

## XLII. *On ſeveral Sins.*

### *Groſs Sin.*

IS like a *Show'r*, which ere we can get in
Into our Conſcience, wets us to the skin.

### *Sin of Infirmity.*

IS like the falling of an *April ſhower*:
'Tis often *Rain*, and *Sun ſhine*, in an hour.

### *Sin of Cuſtome.*

IS a long *ſhowr*, beginning with the Light;
Oft-times continuing till the *Dead* of *Night*.

### *Sin of Ignorance.*

IT is a hideous *Miſt*, that wets amain,
Though it appear not in the form of *Rain*.

### *Crying Sins.*

IT is a ſudden *ſhowr*, that tears in ſunder
The *Cope* of *Heaven*, and alway comes with *thunder*.

### *Sin of Delight.*

IS like a *feathered ſhowr of Snow*, not felt,
But ſoaks to th' very Skin, where ere it melt.

### *Sin of preſumption.*

DOes like a *ſhower of Hail*, but wet and wound
With ſudden death; or ſtrikes us to the *ground*.

The

### *The Sin of Sins.*

IT is a *ſulph'rous* ſhowr ſuch as fell
On *Sodom*, ſtrikes, and ſtrikes to th' *Pit of Hell.*

### XLII. *On theſe Showrs.*

GOod God! what *Weather's* here! theſe ſouls of our
Have ſtill the luck to travel in a *ſhowr*;
Lord, we are cold and pittifully drencht;
Not a dry Thread; and all our *Fire*'s quencht:
Our very Blood is cold, Our trembling knees
Are mutual *Anvils*; Lord, we ſtand and freeze:
Alas, we find ſmall comfort from the *Eye*
Of Heav'n; the ſhowring *clouds*, our *ſins*, do fly
Betwixt the *Sun* and us? We dry no more,
Than if the *Sun* had given his Office o'te:
Nay Lord, if now and then thoſe *Beams* do chance
To break upon 's, and lend a feeble glance
Upon our reeking *ſouls*; ere we begin
To feel the warmth, w'are dowz'd, and drencht agin:
In what a caſe are we! Our nightly *damps*
And daily *Storms* have fill'd our Souls with *Cramps*,
With wavering *Palſeys*, and our hoarſer tongues
Can do thee ſervice, nor in *Prayers*, nor *Songs*:
Our Zeals are aguiſh, hot, and cold: They be
Extremely hot to th' *World*, as cold to *Thee*:
Our Bloud has got a *Fever*; Lord, it muſt
Be ſet on fire with every wanton *Luſt*:
What Worlds of miſchief are there, that prevail not
Upon our fainting Souls? What is't we ail not,
That wet and cold can bring? Yet have no power
To keep us in, but dabble in the *Showr*:
ſhine forth, bright *Sun* of glory, Be as fierce,
As theſe eclipſing *Clouds* are black; Diſperſe

And

And clear them with thy ſtronger beams, that thus
Dare interpoſe betwixt thy Glory, and us:
Reflect on my diſtempered Soul, Refine
This vap'rous *Earth*, this ſinful Fleſh of mine;
That though ſome *Dreps* muſt fall, I may have power
Sheltred by Thee, t'avoid the down-right *Showr*:
O let my dabbled *ſpirit* ſtill retire
To thee, and warm her by thy Sacred *Fire*;
That having revel'd out ſome weary hours,
She may arrive where's neither *Clouds* nor *Showrs*.

## XLIV. *On* Dives *and* Lazarus.

Did ev'r *Judge* more equally proceed
To puniſh *Sin*? ſo right, in kind, and nature?
Poor *Laz'rus* was refus'd a *crumb* of Bread
And *Dives* was deny'd a *drop* of water:
*Children are oftentimes ſo like the Mother,*
*That men may eaſily know the one by th' other.*

## XLV. *On two Suitors.*

The *Soul* is like a *Virgin*; for whoſe love
Two jealous Suitors ſtrive; Both daily move
For Nuptial favour; Both, with Lovers Art,
Plead for the Conqueſt of the Virgins *heart*:
The firſt, approaching, knockt, and knockt agin;
The *Door* being op'ned, at his entring in,
He bluſh'd; and (as young baſhful Lovers uſe)
Is more than half-diſcourag'd, ere he ſues:
At length, that love, that taught him what to fear,
Gave reſolution to preſent her ear
With what he hop'd; and in a lovers faſhion,
He oft repeats the ſtory of his *Paſſion*:
He vows his *Faith*, and the ſincere perfection
Of undiſſembled and intire *Affection*:

He

He ſues for equal mercy from her *Eye*;
And muſt have love, or elſe, for love muſt dye.
His preſent means were ſhort, he made profeſſion
Of a fair *Joynture*, though but ſmall *poſſeſſion*:
And in a word to make his *paſſion* good,
He offers to deſerve her with his Blood.
The other boldly enters: with the ſtrong
And ſweet lip'd *Rhet'rick* of a Courtly tongue,
Salutes her gentle ears; his lips diſcover
The amorous language of a wanton *Lover*;
He ſmiles and fawns, and now and then lets fly
Imperious *glances* from his ſparkling Eye;
Bribes her more *orient neck* with *Pearl*; with *charms*,
Encloſing *Bracelets* decks her ivory *Arms*;
He boaſts th' extent of his Imperial Power,
And offers Wealth and Glory for a *Dower*:
Betwixt them both, the Virgin ſtands perplext:
The firſt tale pleas'd her well, untill the next
Was told; She lik'd the one, the other; Loth
To make a choice, She could affect them both;
The one was jocund, full of ſprightly mirth,
The other better born, of Nobler Birth:
The ſecond ſu'd in a compleater faſhion,
I, but the firſt ſhow'd deeper wounds of paſſion:
The firſt was ſadly modeſt: And the laſt
More rudely pleaſant. His fair looks did caſt
More am'rous flames; But yet the other's eye
Did promiſe greater Nuptial *Loyalty*;
The laſt's more rich; yet richer, but for life,
Make a poor *Widow*, of a happy *Wife*:
The firſt's *Eſtate*'s but ſmall, if not made good
By death; Fair *Joyntures* comfort *Widdow-hood*:
Whom ſhall this *Virgin* chuſe: Her thoughts approve
The laſt for preſent *Wealth*; the firſt, for *Love*:
Both may not be enjoy'd: Her hear muſt ſmother
Her love to *one*, if ſhe affect the *other*.

Ah,

Ah, silly *Virgin*! is the choice so hard
In two extreams? Can thy weak thoughts reward
Two so unequal, with a like respect?
Know'st thou not which to slight, and which t' affect?
Submit to better judgment, and advise
With thy best *Friend*; O trust not thine own eyes.
This *last*, that seems so pleasant, so acute,
Is but a *Slave*, dresst in his Lords old *Suit*:
He brags of glory, and of princely power,
When he is kickt and baffled every hour:
The *treasure* that he boasts, is not his own;
He basely stole it, and the *Theft* is known;
For which he is *arraign'd*, condemn'd to th' pains
Of *death*; His sentence is, to bring in *Chains*:
His plot's to bring thee in, as deep as hee,
Believe't, It is thy *Bloud* he seeks, not *Thee*:
The *Bribes* he gave thee are but stoln. Fond *Girl*
Discard those *Bracelets*, and disclaim that *Pearl*.
The *first*, whose oft-repeated knocks did crave
Admittance, was the Lord to that base *slave*:
His *Faith* is loyal, and as firm his *Vow*;
To him, his life's not half so dear as thou:
That *wealth*, that *honour*, that dissembled *power*,
That pleasant *Peasant* offer'd as a *Dower*,
Is that fair Lords: Nor *peace*, nor *pow'r*, nor *wealth*;
Can any challenge from him, but by stealth:
Match there, my Soul, and let thy sacred Vows
Plight holy Contracts with so sweet a Spouse:
His left hand's full of *treasure*, and his right
Of *peace*, and *honour*, and unknown *delight*:
Heel give thee *wealth*, and in thy wealth content,
For present means: And (when thy *glass* has spent
Her latest Sand, that time untransitory
Thy dayes) a joynture of *eternal Glory*.

XLVI. On

## XLVI. *On an old and new Garment.*

*New Garments* being brought, who is't that would
Not scorn to live a pris'ner to the *Old*?
Yet though our bounteous Saviour at his cost,
Presents us *new*, we love the *old ones* most:
Alas, they pinch us! O, they sit to strait!
They are too cumbersome! too great a weight!
No, no, the *old* were too too light, too great;
So we have ease, we care not to be neat:
Like tyred Jades, our better wills repair,
To a foul *Stable*, than t'a *Road* that's fair.

## XLVI. *On Mans Co-operation.*

We are not *Blocks*; we must expect the *call*,
And, being call'd, must *move* and *rise* withal:
The *voice* were needless, and as good be dumb,
As with the *Call*, not give the *pow'r* to come:
Deserves he food, that thinks it vain to gape?
Christ takes his Spouse by Contract, not by *Rape*.

## XLVIII. *On the old and new Tables.*

The former *Tables* of the Law were broken,
And left no Monuments of themselves, no token,
No sign that ever such things were: But mark,
The *latter* were kept holy in the *Ark*:
Those *Tables* are our *Hearts*. Can we be bold
To look for *new*, and yet not break the *old*;
Or can the ruins of the old find place
In th' ark of *Glory*, not repair'd by *Grace*?
Dismount, O blessed *Moses*, and renew
Those *Tables* thou hast broken, or make *new*.

## XLIX. *On a Crucifix.*

WHy not the *Picture* of our dying Lord,
As of a Friend? Nor *this*, nor *that* ador'd:
*Does not th' Eternal Law command, that thou*
*Shalt even as well forbear to make, as bow?*
Not to ſo good an *end*? T' advance his *Paſſion*?
The *gold* being pure, what matter for the *Faſhion*?
*Take heed, the pureſt gold does often take*
*Some loſs, ſome prejudice, for the faſhion-ſake,*
Not to a *civil end*? to garniſh *Halls*,
To deck our *Windows*, to adorn our *Walls*:
*Shew-bread muſt not be common; And the Cruſe*
*Of holy Oyl admits no civil uſe*:
No, no; the beauty of his *Picture* lyes
Within: 'Tis the object of our *Faith*, not *Eyes*.

## L. *On praying to Saints.*

NOr pray to *Saints*, Is not the *Warrant* ample,
If *back'd* with *Scripture*, *ſtrengthned with example*?
Did not that ſweltring *Dives* make *complaint*
For water, was not *Abraham* a *Saint*?
Why ſhould Reformed *Churches* then forbid it,
'Tis true: But tell me, what was *He*, that did it?

## LI. *On Confeſſion.*

EXperience tells, that *Agues* are about
To wear away, when as our *Lips* break out:
In Spiritual *Fevers*, there's the ſame expreſſion
Of Health, Lips break forth into *Confeſſion*;
But mark, theſe hopeful *ſymptoms* never do
Confirm the Ague *gone*, but *fair to go*:

They do not always work, what they portend,
*Confession profits not, unless we mend.*

## LII. *On* Solomons *rejoyce.*

*YOung man rejoyce*: What jolly mirth is here?
*Let thy heart chear thee*; What delicious Chear?
*In thy young dayes*; Thy cates will relish sweeter:
*Walk thy own wayes*; Thy cares will pass the fleeter.
*Please thy own heart*; Carve where it likes the best:
*Delight thine eyes*; And be a joyful Guest:
*But know withal, the day will come, whereon*
*Thy judge will doom thee for the deeds th'ast done*:
O what a *Feast*! O what a *Reck'ning's* here!
The *Cates* are sweet; the *Shot's* extreamly dear,
Lord, I have been, and am, a daily *Guest*
(Too oft invited) at the *young mans Feast*:
The *Reckning's* great; Although I cannot pay,
I can *confess*; Great God, before this day,
I had been dragg'd to the redeemless *Jayle*,
Hadst thou not pleas'd t'accept my Saviours *Bail*;
Lord, he must bear't I doubt; For I can get
Not *Coin* to pay, nor labour out the debt:
I cannot *dig*, my Joynts are stark and lame:
But I can *beg*, although I beg with shame:
I have no *Grace* in begging; can receive
The first *repulse*; I have no faith to crave:
If th'entertainments of the *Feast* be these
Lord, give me *Famine*; take the *Feast* that please.

## LIII. *On Bread.*

TAke up that bit of *Bread*; and understand,
What 'tis thou holdest in thy careless hand:
Observe it with thy thoughts; and it will read thee
A museful Lecture, ev'n as well as feed thee.

We

We ſtir our *Lands*, or give directions how;
But God muſt tend a ſeaſon for the *Plow*:
We ſow our *Seed*, but ſow our ſeed in vain,
If Heav'n deny the firſt, the latter *Rain*;
Small proof in *ſhowrs*, if heav'ns pleas'd hand ſhall ceaſe
To bleſs thoſe ſhowrs, nor crown them with *increaſe*;
The tender *Blades* appear before thine eye,
But, *unrefreſht* by hea'vn, as ſoon they dye:
The Infant-*Ears* ſhoot forth, and now begin
To corn, but God muſt hold his *Mill-dews* in;
The *Harveſt*'s come, but Clouds conſpire together;
Hands cannot work, till heav'n ſhall clear the *weather*;
At length 'tis reap'd; between the *Barn* and *Furrow*,
How many offices poor Man runs thorow!
Now God has done his part; The reſt we ſhare
To man; His providence takes now the care:
No, yet it is not ours; The uſe alone
Not bare poſſeſſion makes the thing our own:
Thy ſwelling *Barns* have crown'd thy full deſire,
But heav'n, when Mows ſhould *ſweat*, can make them *fire*;
Ibut the *ſheaves* are thraſht, and the heap lies
In thy full *Garner*: he that ſent the *Flies*
To *Pharohs* Court, can, with as great an eaſe,
Send the more waſteful *vermine*, if he pleaſe.
Perchance 'tis grounded, kneaded, and what though?
Gods *Curſe* is often temper'd with the *Dough*:
Believe 't the fruits of all thy toyl, is mine,
Untill they be enjoy'd, as much as thine:
But now 't has fed thee; Is thy ſoul at reſt
Perchance thy ſtomack's dainty to digeſt.
No, if Heav'ns following favour do not laſt
From the firſt *Furrow* to the very *laſt*,
Thy labour's loſt: The *Bread* of all thy travels
Without that bleſſing, feeds no more than *Gravel*,
Now waſteful Man, thou may'ſt repoſe again
That Model of Gods *Prov'dence*, and thy *pain*,

That bit of *Bread*; And if thy Dog ſhould fawn
Upon thy lap, let not ſo dear a Pawn
Of greater plenty be contemn'd and loſt;
Remember *how* it came, and *what* it coſt.

## LIV. *On Faith and Reaſon.*

TRue *Faith* and *Reaſon* are the Soul's two *Eyes*:
*Faith* evermore looks upward, and deſcries
Objects remote, but *Reaſon* can diſcover
Things only near, ſees nothing thats above her:
They are not *Matches*, often diſagree;
And ſometimes both are clos'd and neither ſee.
*Faith* views the *Sun*, and *Reaſon* but the ſhade:
T' one courts the *Miſtreſs*, t'other wooes the *Maid*:
That ſees the *Fire*; this only but the *Flint*,
*The true-bred Chriſtian always looks a ſquint.*

## LV. *On carnal Mirth.*

WHo ſeeks to quench by help of *Carnal* friends
Thoſe fiery *Errants* that the conſcience ſends,
Redeems his *Peace*, but with a further *Spoil*;
Drinks in a *Fever*, quenches Fire with Oyl.
Lord, if thou ſtrike my *Conſcience*; and that, *Meet*:
I will expect and truſt no Friend, but *Thee*.

## LVI. *On Prayer.*

PRayer's like a *Vapour* fum'd from earth; that flies
To th' *gates* of Heav'n; It never rots ith' skies?
If *Faith* and it be joyn'd, it will obtain,
And melt into a firſt and latter *Rain*:
If *Faith* forſake her, and they part in ſunder,
It falls in *Thunderbolts*; at leaſt, in *Thunder-*

## LVII. *On* Anna.

WHat faithful *Anna* by her Tears had done;
Deſery'd the double duty of a Son:
She was a *double* Parent, pleas'd to doe
A double Office; *bore*, and *got* him too:
Thus *Samuel* was (It was leſs ſtrange than rare)
Born of her *Body*, gotten by her *Prayer*.

## LVIII. *On a Gift.*

NO *leſs* to give to thee; the gift is more
Our *own*, being giv'n, great God, than 'was before.

## LIX. *On my ſelf.*

IF righteous *Ely* was not vengeance free,
How ſhall I eſcape! He was a Saint to me:
Nay, Lord, how would my heart and comfort fail,
If I ſhould weigh thy Mercies in our *Scale*!

## LX. *On Juſtification and Sanctification.*

LOrd thou haſt promis'd *in* and *for* thy Chriſt,
To *ſanctifie* where ere thou *juſtifi'ſt*:
Lord, all my Evils are juſtifi'd in thee;
Lord, let thoſe Evils be ſanctifi'd to me.

## LXI. *On Mans Love.*

WHen think we, Lord, on thee! and when we do
How feeble are our thoughts, and ſinful too?
How baſely do our crooked Souls engage
Themſelves to Heav'n? We make thy Glory, *Page*

To our Salvation: Mans more servile heart
Loves what he'd *have thee*, Lord, not what thou art:
This is the very best of man; wherein
W' are apt to think we *merit* more than *sin*:
But there's a baser *Love*; Our chief respects
Have meer relation to our own *Defects*:
Like *Dogs* we fawn upon our Masters *Laps*,
With dirty feet, and only love for *Scraps*.
But there's a baser yet: We love for fear,
Finding, like *Cain*, more then we can bear;
And, were it not for shame, our hearts would be
As warm to *Satan*, as, great God, to *Thee*:
But there's a baser yet, And baser none;
We love thee, to be lov'd of man alone:
We force a *Zeal*, usurp the name of *Pure*;
That we may sin more *closely*, more *secure*:
We love thee only to abuse thee, just
As whores love Husbands, but to cloak their lust:
How art thou martyr'd in our lustful Fires!
How made a *Stale* to catch our *wild* desires!
Lord, I will love as far as lies in me,
Thee for thy *self*, and all things else in *Thee*.

## LXII. *On filial love and servile.*

THey'r not alike, although alike appear:
T' one fears for love, The other loves for *Fear*.

## LXIII. *On Grapes.*

IT is receiv'd, that *seed* of Grapes being sown,
Brings forth *degenerate* Culsters, or else *none*:
But Stocks being *grafted* prove a *fruitfull* Vine,
Whose pleasing *Berries* yield a generous Wine;
We are thy *Vineyard*, Lord; these grapes of our
By *Nature*, are degenerous and sowre.

But

But if thou please to *graft us*, we shall bear
Delicious fruit; which being prest, will chear
The heart of *Angels*, and that blessed *Trine*
Of perfect glory, with their sprightly *wine*.

## LXIV. *On joy and grief.*

LOrd, if my *Griefs* were not oppos'd with *Joy*,
They would destroy:
And if my *Mirth* were not allay'd with *Sadness*,
It would be *Madness*:
While *this* with *that*, or *that* with *this* contends,
They't both my *Friends*,
But when these happy *Wars* do chance to cease,
I have no peace.
The more my earthly *Passions* do contest,
The more my heavenly *Affections* are at rest.

## LXV. *On Doves and Serpents.*

WE must have *Doves* and *serpents* in our heart,
But how they must be marshall'd there's the *Art*;
They must agree, and not be far asunder;
The *Dove* must hold the wily *Serpent* under:
Their natures teach what places they must keep,
The *Dove* can *fly*, the *Serpent* only *creep*.

## LXVII. *On Christ, and our selves.*

I Wish a greater knowledg than t' attain
The knowledge of *my self*; a greater Gain
Than to augment *my self*; a greater Treasure
Than to enjoy my self; a greater Pleasure
Than to content my self; how slight and vain
Is all Self knowledge, Pleasure, Treasure, Gain:

Unleſs my better knowledg could retrive
*My Chriſt*; unleſs my better Gain to thrive
*In Chriſt*; unleſs my better Wealth grow rich
*In Chriſt*; unleſs my better Pleaſure pitch
*On Chriſt*; or elſe my knowledge will proclaim
To my own heart, how ignorant I am:
Or elſe my Gain ſo ill improv'd will ſhame
My Trade, and ſhew how much declin'd I am:
Or elſe my treaſure will but blur my name
With *Bankrupt*, and divulge how poor I am:
Or elſe my pleaſures that ſo much *inflame*
My thoughts, will blab how full of ſores I am:
Lord, keep me from *my ſelf*, 'tis beſt for me,
Never to own *my Self*, if not in *Thee*.

## LXVII. *On Man.*

AT our Creation, but the *Word* was ſaid,
And we were made:
No ſooner were, but our falſe hearts did ſwell,
With *Pride*; and fell:
How ſlight is *Man!* At what an eaſie coſt
Hee's *made* and *loſt?*

## LXVIII. *On Death.*

WE all are going to the ſelf-ſame *Place*,
We only differ in our *Way* our *Pace*:
One treads the *Common Road* of Age: Another
Travels, directly by the hand of's *Brother*:
Some croſs the *Waves*, perchance the neareſt way:
Some by the winged *Shaft* that flies by Day:
Some ride on *Fevers*: Others beat the hoof,
With horſes in their hands, and make a proof,
Of their own *ſtrength*: Others more fairly pace
On beds *of down*; ſome ride a ſpeedy race:

On

On hot-mouth'd *Surfets*, emulous for the *Cup*:
Some hotly-mounted fiercely gallop up
On ſpurgall'd *Broyles*, whoſe Frantick motions ſend
Their haſty Spirits to their *Iourneys end*:
Some ride upon the racking Steeds of *Treaſure*;
Others falſe-gallop on the backs of Pleaſure:
All journey forwards to the ſelf-ſame place;
Some the next way; and ſome the faſter pace:
All poſt an end, till beaten out of *Breath*,
They all arrive at the great *gates* of Death.
Lord, in this *Common* Road, I doe not care
What pace I travel, ſo my way be fair.

## LXIX. *On the life of* Man.

OUr Life is nothing but a *Winters day*:
Some only break their *Faſt*, and ſo away:
Others ſtay *Dinner*, and depart full-fed;
The deepeſt age but *ſups*, and goes to bed:
Hee's moſt in debt, that lingers out the *Day*;
Who dies betime, has leſs, and leſs to pay.

## LXX. *On Gods Image.*

IT was a *dainty piece!* In every part,
Drawn to the life, and full of curious Art:
It was as like thee as a *ſhadow* could
Be like a *ſubſtance*; There was none but would
Have known thee by't: There needed then no name,
No golden *Characters* that might proclaim
Whoſe *Picture* 'twas: the Art was ſo divine
That very Beaſts did reverence, as thine:
But now alas, 'tis blurr'd: the beſt that we
Or they can judge, is this, 'Twas made for thee;
Alas, 'tis faded, ſoil'd with hourly duſt,
Sullyed, and ſhadow'd with the ſmoak of *Luſt*:

So

So ſwarth, as if that glorious face of thine
Were tawned underneath the *torrid line*:
How is thy *Picture* alt'red! how ill us'd
By our neglects! how ſlubberd! how abus'd!
Her Cedar *Frame*'s diſjoynted, warp'd, and broke,
Her curious *Tablet*'s tainted with the ſmoak:
The object's both offenſive and the ſavour;
Retaining neither *Beauty*, nor the *Favour*.
Lord, let not thy diſpleaſed eye forſake
Thy *handy work*, for the bad keepers ſake:
Behold it ſtill; and what thou ſeeſt amiſs,
Paſs by; think what it was, not what it is:
What though her beauty, and her colours fade?
Remember; O, 'twas like Thee when 'twas made
There is a great *Apelles* that can lim
With thy own *Pencil*; we have ſought to *Him*:
*His* skilful hand will waſh off all the ſoyl,
And cleanſe thy picture with his ſacred Oyl:
*Hee*'l mak't more fair than 'twas; at leaſt the ſame;
Hee'l mend the *Tablet*, and renew the *Frame*:
Till then be pleas'd to let thy Picture be
Acknowledg'd *thine*, 'twas made for none but *Thee*.

## LXXI. *On the Penny.*

HE that endur'd the tyranny of *Heat*,
The *Morning*-ſorrows, and the *Mid-day*-ſweat,
The *Evening* toyl, and *burthen* of the *day*,
Had but his promis'd *Penny* for his pay:
Others, that loyter'd all the *Morning*, ſtood
I' th' idle *Market*, whoſe unpractis'd blood
Scarce felt the warmth of labour, nor could ſhow
A *bluſh* of action, had his penny too:
What Wages can we merit, as our own?
Slaves that are *bought* with *price*, can challenge none,
But only *Stripes*: alas, if Servants could
Do more, than bid, they do but what they ſhould:

When

When man endeavours, and when heav'n engages
Himſelf by promiſe, they are *Gifts*, not *Wages*,
He muſt expect: *We* muſt not look t' obtain
Becauſe we *Run*; Nor do we *run* in vain.
Our running ſhows th' effect, produces none;
The *Penny*'s giv'n alike to every one
That works i'th *Vineyard*; Equal *price* was ſhar'd
T' unequal *workers*; therefore no *Reward*:
Lord, ſet my hands a *Work*; I will not ſerve
For *Wages*: leſt thou give what I *deſerve*.

## LXXII. *On a Chriſtian.*

THe Generous *Chriſtian* muſt as well improve
I' th' quality of the *Serpent*, as the *Dove*;
He muſt be *innocent*; affraid, to do
A wrong: And *crafty*, to prevent it too.
They muſt be mixt, and temper'd with true love;
An *Ounce* of Serpent ſerves a *Pound* of *Dove*.

## LXXIII. *On Gods Bounty.*

GOD freely gives, as freely we receive;
It is not *Do*, but *Aſk and thou ſhalt have*,

## LXXIV. *On Sins.*

MY Sins are like to *Mountains* that ariſe
Above the *Clouds*, and threat the *threatning ſkies*:
Lord, give me *Faith*, and let that Faith be prov'd,
In leaving not a *Mountain* unremov'd.

## LXXV. *On the life of Man.*

A *Thouſand* years with God (the Scriptures ſay)
Are reckon'd but a *Day*;

By which account, this measur'd Life of our
Exceeds not much an *hour*,
The half whereof Nature doth claim and keep
As her own debt for sleep,
A full *sixth part* of what remains, we riot
In more than needfull Diet;
Our *Infancy*, our *Childhood*, and the most
Of our *green youth* is lost:
The *little* that is left, we thus divide
One part to cloath our pride,
Another share we lavishly deboise
To *vain*, or *sinfull* joyes:
If then at most, the measur'd life of man
Be counted but a *span*.
Being half'd, and quarter'd, and disquarter'd thus,
What, what remains for us?
Lord, if the *Total* of our days do come
To so, so poor a *sum*.
And if our shares, so small, so nothing be,
Out of that *Nothing*, what remains to *Thee*?

## LXXVI. *On the Childrens Bread.*

THy strengthning *Graces* are the *Childrens Bread*,
Which makes thy *thriving Children* strong and able,
Honour and Riches are the *Crums* that fed
The *Dogs* that lurk beneath their *Masters* Table:
Lord, if thy gracious pleasure will allow
But *Bread*; I'm sure I shall have *Crums* enow.

## LXXVII. *On Trust and Care.*

OUr *Trust* in God, for Riches, neither must
*Exclude* our *Care*; nor Care *exceed our* Trust.

LXXVIII. *On*

## LXXVIII. *On* Ruſcus.

I Lliberate *Ruſcus* heard *Pedantius* preach:
Admir'd the *Church-mans* learning, and commanded
Such things alone that were above his reach:
But meanly ſlighted what he apprehended.
What hinders then to think, that *Ruſcus* hath,
At leaſt the twi-light of a *Baſtard Faith*?

## LXXIX. *On the receiving of the Lords Supper.*

MEn take the Sacred Seals of their Salvation,
As ſome do Phyſick, not for *health* but *faſhion*.
The *Day* preceding, and the following Day,
There's none ſo ſtrict, none ſo reform'd as they:
They curb the fury of their wanton riot,
And call their ſurfets to a ſtricter Diet:
The time expir'd, the firſt aſſault that haps,
Prevails, and ſtrikes them to a worſe *Relaps*;
Like Dogs to *vomits* they return agin,
As though they'ad paſt a *Patent* now to ſin:
Let ſuch *Day-Chriſtians* on the very top
Of all their mirth, remember *Iudas Sop*.

## LXXX. *On Faith.*

TH'oft-ſhaken *Tree* grows faſter at the root, (*Doubts*
And *Faith*'s moſt firm, that's ſometimes urg'd with

## LXXXI. *On the Story of Man.*

THe *word* was ſpoke; And what was *Nothing*, muſt,
Be made a *Chaos* of confuſed *Duſt*:
The *word* was ſpoke; the *Duſt* began to thicken.
To a firm *Clay*; the *Clay* began to quicken:

The

The groſſer ſubſtance of that *Clay* thought good
To turn to *Fleſh*, the moiſter turn'd to *Blood*;
Receiv'd *Organs*, and thoſe Organs, *Senſe*:
It was imbelliſht with the excellence
Of *Reaſon*; It became the *Height of Nature*,
Being *ſtampt* with th' *Image* of the great Creator:
But, Lord, that glorious *Image* is defac'd,
Her Beauty's *blaſted*, and her Tablet's *raz'd*:
This height of Nature has committed *Treaſon*
Againſt it ſelf, declin'd both *Senſe* and *Reaſon*:
Meer *Fleſh* and *Blood*, containing but a day
Of painted pleaſure, and but *Breathing Clay*.
Whoſe moiſture, dry'd with his own ſorrow, muſt
Reſolve, and leave him to his former *Duſt*;
Which duſt, the utter object of our loathing,
Small time conſumes, and brings to his firſt *nothing*.
Thus from this *nothing*, from this *Duſt*, began
This *Something*, turn'd to *Duſt*, to *Nothing* Man.

## LXXXII. *On* Ananias.

THe *Land* was his, The *land* was his alone,
'Twas told, and now the *money* was his own:
The power remain'd in the *Poſſeſſors* hand
To keep his *money*, or have kept his *land*:
But once devoted to the *Churches good*,
And then conceal'd, it coſt his *life*, his *blood*.
If thoſe that give may not reſume again,
Without a *Puniſhment*, without a *Sin*,
What ſhall become of thoſe whoſe unjuſt power
Diſpoyls the *widowed* Temple of her *Dower*?
Who takes her profits, and inſtead of giving
*Encreaſe* to her revenues, make a living
Upon her ruins, growing plump and full
Upon her wants, being clothed in her *Wool*:

While

While she sustains th' extreams of cold and hunger,
To pamper up the fat *Advouson munger*;
Who thrust their *Flesh-hooks*, in their thirsty Pot,
And only leave her, what they value not:
The whilst her sacred *Priests* that daily tread
Their slighted *Corn*, must beg their early *Bread*;
Or else, be forc'd to purchase easie shares
With that dear *price* of their ungranted *Prayers*:
Let such turn back their sacrilegious eyes,
And see how breathless *Ananias* lies,
Behold the Wages that his sin procures,
That was a *Mole-hill*, to these *Alpes* of yours:
He took not from the *Church*, did but conceal
Some parts he gave: But your false fingers steal
Her main *Inheritance*, her own *Possession*:
His was but bare *deceipt*, yours bold *Oppression*:
O, if no less than the *first death* was due
To him, what *death* d'ye think's prepar'd for you:
So often as your pamper'd eyes shall look
On your Estates, think on the *Flying Book*.

## LXXXIII. *On pious uses.*

THey that in life oppress, and then bequeath
Their goods to *pious uses* at their death,
Are like those Drunkards, being laid to sleep
They *belch* and *vomit* what they cannot *keep*.
To Gods and Mans acceptance, I presume,
Their several actions send the like *perfume*.

## LXXXIV. *On* Sophronia.

THe chaste *Sophronia* knows not how to escape
Th' inevitable danger of a *Rope*,
Cruel *Sophronia* draws her hasty knife,
And would relieve her Chastity with *life*:

Doubtful

Doubtful *Sophronia* knows not what to do,
She cannot keep the *one*, and 't *other* too:
*Sophronia*'s in a ſtrait; one eye is fixt
O' th' *ſeventh* Command'ment, t' other, on the *ſixt*.
To what Extremis is poor *Sophronia* driven!
Is not *Sophronia* left at *Six* and *Seven*?

## LXXXV. *On the knowing Man.*

He's like a *Luſty Soil*, whoſe *moiſture* feeds,
If not a world of *Corn*, a world of *Weeds*,

## LXXXVI. *On* Romes *Pardon.*

If *Rome* could *Pardon* ſins, as *Romans* hold,
And if ſuch *Pardons* might be bought for *Gold*,
An eaſie Iudgment might determine which
To chooſe; To be *Religious*, or elſe *Rich*:
Nay *Rome* does *pardon*; *Pardons* may be ſold:
Wee'l ſearch no *Scriptures*, but the *Mines* for Gold.

## LXXXVII. *On the World.*

The *World* compos'd of *Heav'n* and *Earth*'s the ſtory
Of Gods *Eternal*, and Mans *Temp'ral Glory*.

## LXXXVIII. *On formal Devotion.*

Men do God Service with the ſame devotion,
As the foul Body takes his loathed *Potion*;
They ſtay, and ſtay; then gulp it down in haſte,
Not for the *pleaſure*, but to have it *paſt*:
Whoſe *druggy* taſte goes ſo againſt their mind,
That oft, the better part is left behind;
And what is taken, 's taken but in vain,
It either *works not*, or *comes up* again.

LXXXIX. *On*

## LXXXIX. *On heavenly Manna.*

O What a world of heav'nly *Manna* falls
Within the Circuit of our happy *Walls*!
With how great *Joy* would neighb'ring *Lands* receive
The *Fragment* of those *Fragments* which we leave!
Our furnisht *Markets* flourish all the year;
We need no *Ephahs*, nor yet *Omers* here:
We take unmeasur'd from the bounteous heap;
Thanks never were so *dear*, nor that so *cheap*:
We never board, but toss from hand to hand,
As if that *Famine* had forsworn the Land:
Our satiate stomachs are so lavish fed,
That we even sleight, and wanton with our *Bread*:
Ah Lord! I fear when careless children play
With their spoil'd *Bread*, 'tis time to take *away*.

## XC. *On Natural Sins.*

TO murther *Parents*, or our Selves, has bin,
Though falsly, counted an *unnatural Sin*.
*By nature*, we are apt to fall into't,
I rather thinkt unnatural *not to do't*:
If heav'n should but forsake us, 'twere again
The very course of Nature, *not to sin*.

## XCI. *On the Ark.*

IF *Floods* of Tears shall drown my *World* of Sin,
Alas, my floating Ark retains within,
A cursed *Cham* to store the *World* again:
What then? so long as holy *Shem* vouchsafeth
But to divide a Tent with bashful *Japheth*,

## XCII. On Sophronia.

*Sophronia* chooſes rather to commit
*Self-murder*, than by violence, to ſubmit
Her ventur'd honour to th' injurious truſt
Of the *eye ſparkling* Tyrant's furious *Luſt*:
What means *Sophronia*? Dare her conſcience frame
To act a *Sin*, but to prevent a *Shame*.

## XCIII. On *a fair Proſpect.*

*Look up*, and there I ſee the fair abode
And glorious *Manſion* of my gracious God:
*Look down*; in every garniſht corner lies
*Favours* objected to my wondring eyes:
*Look on my right hand*; There the ſweet encreaſe
Of joyes preſent me with a joyful *Peace*:
*Look on my left hand*; There my Fathers Rod
Sublimes my knowledge, from my ſelf to God:
*Look forward*; There I ſee the lively ſtory
Of *Faiths* improvement, and of future *Glory*:
*Look backward*; There my thankful eye is caſt
On *Sins* remitted, and on *Dangers* paſt:
*Look inwards*; And mine eye is made partaker
Of the fair Image of my glorious *Maker*.
*Look up*, or *down*, *about*, *above*, or *under*:
Nothing but Objects of true *Love*, and *Wonder*.

## XCIV. On *Reſolution.*

IF thou haſt given me *Wealth*, Great God, I crave
Content, and Grace to *have* the goods I have;

If

If otherwiſe, thy will be done; I crave not
So much to *have*, as uſe the goods I *have not*:
Lord, make me *Thine*, and then I ſhall appear,
If not thine *Almoner*, yet thy *Beadſman* here.

## XCV. *On the Worlds Welcome.*

EArths Entertainments are like thoſe of Iail,
Her left hand brings me *Milk*, Her right, a *Nail*.

## XCVI. *Our Meditation upon God.*

WHen thy ambitious *knowledge* would attempt
So high a *Task* as God, ſhe muſt exempt
All carnal *ſenſe*: Thy *Reaſon* muſt releaſe
Her *pow'r*, thy *Fancy* muſt be bound to th'*peace*;
Thy *Spirits* muſt be rapt, they muſt exile
Thy *Fleſh*, and keep a *Sabbath*, for a while:
Thou muſt *forget* thy ſelf, and take ſtrong *Bands*
Of thy own thoughts, and ſhake eternal hands
With thy rebellious *Luſt*; piſcard and cleat
Thy heart of all *Idea's*; then, with *Fear*,
And holy *Reverence*, thou muſt think of *One*,
As though he were not to be thought upon:
Conceive a *Spiritual*, a moſt perfect *Being*,
*Pure*, *Simple*; At the ſelf-ſame inſtant, ſeeing
Things Preſent, Paſt, and *Future*; One whoſe *Might*
Whoſe *Wiſdom*, *Iuſtice*, *Mercy*, (in a height
Above *Exceeding*) is *Himſelf*, being great
Without a *Quantity*, and moſt Compleat,
Without *Degrees*: Eternal without *ſpace*
Of *Time*: At all times preſent, without *Place*:
Think thus, and when thy *thoughts* can *ſoar* no higher,
Stay there, Stand humbly *ſtant*, and *admire*,

## XCVII. *On Faith.*

HE that wants *Faith*, and apprehends a *Grief*,
Becauſe he wants it, hath a true *Belief*;
And he that grieves, becauſe his *Grief's* ſo ſmall,
H'as a true *Grief*, and the beſt *Faith* of all.

## XCVIII. *On Mans Folly.*

*Deots*, and Senſe-bound *Lunaticks*, diſcern
'Twixt *Salt* and *Sugar*; very *Babes* will learn
To know a *Counter* from a currant *Coin*;
Brute *Beaſts*, by *Inſtinct* of Nature, will decline
Th'alluring *Bait*, and Senſe-beguiling *Snare*,
Though that ſeem ne'r ſo *ſweet*; this ne'r ſo *fair*:
Yet *Man*, heav'ns greateſt *Maſter piece* will chuſe,
What *Fools*, and *Madmen*, *Beaſts*, and *Babes* refuſe:
Delights in dangerous *Pleaſures*, and beneath
The name of *Ioyes*, pleaſes himſelf to *death*.

## XCIX. *On Glory.*

THat *Saint* in Heav'n, whoſe *Glory* is the leaſt,
Has ev'n as perfect *Glory* as the beſt:
There's no *Degrees*, but in a finite Treaſure;
No diff'rence 'twixt *Pauls* glory and *Mine*, but *Meaſure*.

## C. *On Reward.*

WHen holy *Scripsures* mention the *Rewarding*
Of *Works*; we read not, *For*, but ſtill, *According*.

*The End of the Third Book.*

# DIVINE FANCIES.

## The Fourth Book.

### I. *A good Morrow.*

'Tis Day: Unfold thine Arms; Ariſe, and rouſe
Thy leaden Spirits, and pay thy Morning *Vows:*
Send up thy *Incenſe;* Let her early ſmoke
Renew that League thy very dreams have broke:
Then may'ſt thou *work* or *play*; Nothing ſhall be
Diſpleaſing to thy God, that pleaſes thee.

### II. *A good Night.*

Cloſe now thine Eyes, and reſt ſecure;
Thy *Soul* is ſafe enough, thy *Body* ſure:
He that loves thee, he that keeps
And guards thee, never ſlumbers, never ſleeps.
The ſmiling Conſcience in a ſleeping breaſt
Has onely peace, has only reſt:
The muſick and the mirth of Kings
Are all but very *Diſcords*, when ſhe ſings:
Then cloſe thine Eyes, and reſt ſecure;
No ſleep ſo ſweet as thine, no reſt ſo ſure.

## III. *On a Printing-House.*

THe *World's* a *Printing-House*; our *words*, our *thoughts*,
Our *deeds*, are *Characters* of ſev'ral ſizes:
Each *Soul* is a *Compoſitor*, of whoſe faults
The *Levites* are *Correctors*: Heav'n *reviſes*;
*Death* is the *common Preſs*, from whence being driven
W'are gathered *Sheet* by *Sheet*, and bound for *Heav'n*.

## IV. *A Dialogue between* Gabriel, *and* Mary.

GABRIEL.

HAil bleſſed *Mary*: MA. What celeſtial tongue
Calls ſinful *Mary* bleſſed? GAB. It is I.
MA. Who art thou? GAB. I am *Gabriel* that belong
To the high Quire of Heaven: MA. I faint, I dye.
GAB. Fear not ſweet *Virgin*, all the *Earth* ſhall be
Made Debters to thy *Womb*, and bleſt in thee.
MA. How Lord? GAB. Thy *Virgin-womb* ſhall bear a *Son*,
That ſhall *redeem* the world. MA. My *Lord*, How can
Such wonders come to paſs? ſuch things be done
By a poor Virgin, never known by Man?
GAB. The *Holy Ghoſt* at his appointed hour,
Shall make thee pregnant by his ſacred power.
MA. *Wonder* of Wonders! GAB. At whoſe *height* the Quire
Of *Heav'n*, ſtand raviſht, tremble, and admire.
MA. O may it be according to thy Word.
GAB. Before that twice five Moons compleated be
Thou ſhalt be known the *Mother* of our Lord,
And thou ſhalt dance thy Saviour on thy knee.
MA. Both *heav'n* and *earth* ſhall triumph, and the *frame*
Of hell ſhall tremble at *Maria's* name:
GAB. All *Ages* paſt, and preſent, and to come,
Shall joy in *Mary*, and in *Mary's* womb.

V. On

## V. *On* Rhemus.

IF Heav'n would pleaſe to purge thy *Soul* as well
As *Rome* thy *purſe*, thou need'ſt not fear a Hell.

## VI. *On the Life of Man.*

MAns day's a *Song*, compos'd by th'great *Muſician*,
Full of harmonious *Airs*, and dainty choice
But ſpoil'd with *Diſcords*, and too much *Diviſion*:
Abus'd and loſt for want of *skill*, and *voice*;
We miſs our *Reſts*, and we neglect our *Graces*:
Our life the *Treble*, and our death the *Baſe* is.

## VII. *On* Mary.

FOur *Maries* are eterniz'd for their worth;
Our *Saviour* found out *three*, our *Charles* the *fourth*.

## VIII. *On the Church.*

LEt not thy *blackneſs* move thee to deſpair,
Black Women are belov'd of men that's fair:
What if thy hair her flaxed brightneſs lack?
Thy *Face* is comely though thy *Brow* be black.

## IX. *On the two Eſſences.*

GOds ſacred *Eſſence* repreſents the bright
And glorious body of the greater light:
'Tis perfect, hath a *Being* of her own,
Giving to all, receiving light from none:
Mans *Eſſence* repreſents the borrowed light,
And feeble luſtre of the Lamp of night;

Her *Rayes* are faint, and her reflection thin,
Diſtain'd with nat'ral blemiſhes within;
Inconſtant, various; having of her own,
No light at all, or light as good as none:
When too much earth ſhall interpoſe, and ſlips
Betwixt theſe Lights, our ſouls are in th' *Eclips*.

X. *On our Saviours Paſſion.*

THe earth tremble, and heavens cloſed eye
Was loth to ſee the *Lord* of *Glory* dye;
The Skies were clad in mourning, and the Sphears
Forgot their *harmony*; the clouds dropt *tears*:
Th'ambitious Dead aroſe to give him room;
And ev'ry grave did gape to be his *Tomb*:
Th'affrighted heav'ns ſent down elegious *Thunder*;
The *Worlds Foundation*, looſ'd, to loſe their *Founder*;
Th'impatient *Temple* rent her *Vail* in two.
To teach our hearts, what our ſad hearts ſhould do:
Shall ſenſeleſs things do this, and ſhall not I
Melt one poor drop to ſee my Saviour die!
Trill forth, my Tears; and trickle one by one,
Till you have pierc'd this *heart* of mine, this *Stone*.

XI. *On Peter.*

WHat luck had *Peter*! For he took a Fiſh
That ſtor'd his *Purſe*, as well as fill'd his *diſh*,
Whoſe bounty did *enrich*, as well as feed him:
But they are better *Fiſhers* that ſucceed him:
*He catcht* by chance: *Theſe catch* the like by skill:
*He* catcht but *once*: *Theſe* catch them when they will:
They caſt their Angles into better *Seas*;
Their bates are only for ſuch *Fiſh* as theſe;
Brave ſport, and full of curious pleaſure! *Come,*
*There is no fiſhing to the Sea—of* Rome.

XII. *On*

## XII. *On* Herodias.

I'Le tell thee, *Light skirts*, whoſoever taught
Thy feet to dance, thy dancing had a Fault:
Thou'it find it dear, *Herodias*, if thou doſt,
Compare the *penn'worth* with the *price* it coſt.

## XIII. *On Faith and Hope.*

HOw much the ſtronger *Hopes* on life relye,
So much the weaker is my *Faith*, to dye.

## XIV. *On water and wine.*

THe happy diff'rence and ſweet change of life,
When a chaſt *Virgin* turns a loyal *Wife*:
Our bleſſed Lord, in *Cana* did divine,
And turn'd cold *Water* into luſty *Wine*.

## XV. *On Age.*

HOw *freſh bloud* dotes! O how *green Youth* delites!
It moſt diſdains the *thing* it moſt deſires.

## XVI. *On a Fig-tree.*

A Chriſtian's like a *Fig-tree* that does bear
Fruit, green, or ripe, or bloſſoms, all the year:
No wonder then, our Saviour curſt that Tree;
*Fig-trees* are always dead, where no Figs bee.

## XVII. *On* Rhemus.

*Rhemus*, Upon a time I heard thee tell,
A *Wall* divideth Purgatory and Hell:

And

And that a gold-bought *Mass* will clear th'offence
That brought us thither, and redeem us thence:
Ah *Rhemus*, what demented Soul would spare
To ruine Wife, or to dis-land an Heir,
Rather than feel such torments, you pretend,
That equal Hell in all but *time* and *end*?
Ah *Rhemus*, if the power of gold be such,
How dare you be so bold to die so rich!

## XVIII. *On* Jacob.

NE'r boast thy *Bargain*, *Iacob*; For poor wee
Have made a better contract far, than thee.
We envy not his Land thou didst inherit:
Our Brother took our *Flesh*; gave us his *Spirit*.

## XIX. *On* Simon Magus.

*Simon*, Bring gold enough, and I will tell thee
Where thou shalt *buy*, what *Peter* would not *sell* thee;
Repair to his *Successors*; they are free
And frolick *Gamesters*, not so strict as hee:
Nay, if thy Gold be weak, they will not stand
To sell good Pen'worths at the *second hand*:
They'l sell good cheap, but they'l not give to any;
No *Pater noster*, where there is no *Penny*:
No, if thy purse be like an empty *shell*,
They will not *give*, what *Peter* would not *sell*.

## XX. *On the Bishop of* Rome.

ADmit, great Prelate, that thou wert that *Rock*,
Whereon the *Church* was founded; couldst *unlock*
The *gates* of Heav'n; and with thy *golden Key*,
Make Hell thy *Pris'ner*, and the Fiends obey;

Thy

Thy Papal Dignity would far be greater,
If thou wert *Simon*, but as well as *Peter*.

## XXI. *On* Milo.

DOe, ſtrive to enter, *Milo*, though the Gate
Be narrow, and the rugged paſſage ſtrait;
Leſſen thy ſelf, and faſt thy carkaſs thin;
Take in thy *fleſh* 'twill get thee eaſier in:
Look up to Heav'n 'twill raiſe thy body uprighter;
Give lib'ral *alms*, 'twill make thee mount the lighter:
Sweat forth thy baſe corruptions, and inherit
Thy promis'd *Crown*, half-loſt for want of ſpirit;
Let not thy daſtard, and dull thoughts diſdain
Thoſe works which cold *deſpair* miſtakes, as vain:
Take heed, let not thy queazy ſoul repine
Againſt thoſe *Actions* which are none of thine;
Heav'n bids thee ſhine, what if thy *Rayes* be dim?
Do thou thy beſt, leave the ſucceſs to him:
Follow thy *Work*; And when thy Soul ſhall be
Gather'd from hence, thy *Works* ſhall follow thee.

## XXII. *On* Rome.

GOod *Works* abound in Rome; 'Tis well they do,
'Tis the beſt ſtring they challenge to their Bow;
But ev'ry hee's no *Monk* that wears a hood,
'Tis well, if they't well done as well as good:
*When wandering Paſſengers have loſt their way,*
*No ſort of men that ride ſo faſt as they.*

## XXIII. *On three dayes and nights.*

THou know'ſt our dying Saviour did repoſe
On *Friday*; On the *Sabbath*, he aroſe;

Tell

Tell me, by what account can he be said
To lodge *three dayes and nights* among the dead?
He dy'd for all the World: what wanted here,
Was full supply'd in t'other *Hemisphear.*

## XXIV. *On* Tobits *Dog.*

WHat luck had *Tobits Dog*? what *grace*, what *glory*
Thus to be Kennel'd in the Eternal *Story*:
Until the *Apocrypha* and *Scripture* sever,
The mem'ry of *Tobits Dog* shall live for ever.

## XXV. *On the Gospel.*

WHen two *Evangelists* shall seem to vary
In one discourse, they't *divers*, not *contrary*:
One truth doth guide them both; One Spirit doth
Direct them; doubt not, to believe them both.

## XXVI. *On* Servio.

SErvio 'tis scarcely worth thy pains, to smother
Or to subdue one sin and hug another:
Believe it, *Servio*, he that is in thrall
To one, is a potential *Slave* to all.

## XXVII. *On* Formio.

FOrmio will keep the *Sabbath*, read and pray,
His lips are seal'd from oaths upon that day:
*Formio* is clad in black, and will absent
His fleshly thoughts, this holy time of *Lent*.
Think'st thou, that *Formio's* shaking hands with sin?
No, 'tis but giving hands to meet agin.

XXVIII. *On*

## XXVIII. *On* John *and* Jesus.

*John* was the *Morning-ſtar* that did forerun
The long-wiſht riſing of our glorious *Sun*:
The firſt word that *Johns* preaching lips expreſſed
Was this, *Repent*; Our Saviours firſt, was *Bleſſed*:
*John* makes the inciſion; *Jeſus* makes it ſound:
*Jeſus* ne't cures, where *John* ne't made a wound.

## XXIX. *On Diſpoſſeſſing.*

WE read, a broyled Fiſhes *heart* will ſcare
A frighted Devil from a troubled breſt:
We read again, by *Faſting* and by *Pray'r*
The fierce *Demoniack*'s only diſpoſſeſt:
What this affirms, that flatly does denye;
With reverence to the Text, *the one's a lye.*

## XXX. *On* Herodias.

I Have a young *Herodias* lives within me
That never leaves to *dance* until ſhe win me
To grant her Suit; will never ceaſe to plead
Until I give her my *John Baptiſts* head:
O then my ſorrow would be paſt her date,
And I, like *Herod*, ſhould repent too late.

## XXXI. *On* Malfido.

*Satans Injections* are like Weeds that fall
Into thy Garden, darted o're the Wall,
Whoſe loathſome ſmell unſent thy ſweeter *flow'rs*;
But grow not there, unleſs we make them ours:
They'l die, neglected; if thou lend them room,
They'l ſtink; but eas'ly throwo from whence they come.

Fear

Fear not, *Malfido*, thoſe be they that ſpoil
Thy Flowr's, that ſuck their *ſubſtance* from the ſoil.

XXXII. *On Slanders.*

WHen undeſerv'd report diſtains my name,
It *ſhames* not, but perchance prevents a *ſhame*.

XXXIII. *On the Law and Goſpel.*

THe *Law* is tough, the *Goſpel* mild and calm;
That lanc'd the *Bile*, and this pours in the *Balm*.

XXXIV. *On a Boſom-ſin.*

THat *ſin* that finds more credit than the reſt,
That is thy *Darling*, leans upon thy *breſt*;
That in the *Boſome* of thy heart does lie;
That dips within thy *diſh*, Sayes, *Is it I?*
That gives thee *kiſſes*, that's the *ſin* that ſlayes thee;
O that, O that's the *Judas* that betrays thee.

XXXV. *On the World.*

THe World's a *Book*, writ by th'eternal *Art*
Of the great Maker, printed in mans heart;
'Tis falſly *printed*, though divinely *penn'd*,
And all th'*Errata* will appear at th'*end*.

XXXVI. *On my Soul.*

MY weather-beaten Soul long time has bin
Becalm'd, and riding in the *Sea* of Sin,
But now afflictions *ſtorm* does drive and toſs
Her hatter'd *Keel*: the wind is loud and croſs:

Fear

*Fear* fills her tatter'd *sails*, and doubts do drive her
She knows not where, and of all hopes deprive her:
Thus, thus transported by the troubled Air
Amongst the swallowing *Quicksands* of despair;
If not prevented by a greater power,
She looks for *wreck*, and *ruine* ev'ry hour:
O, that mine eyes could rain a *shower* of tears,
That, that would lay the *storm* of all my fears.

## XXXVII. *On the Cuckoe.*

THe idle *Cuckoe*, having made a Feast
On Sparrows Eggs, layes down her own ith'nest;
The silly Bird she owns it, hatches, feeds it;
Protects it from the weather, clocks, and breeds it;
It neither wants repose, nor yet repast,
And joyes to see her *Chicken* thrive so fast:
But when this gaping Monster has found strength
To shift without a helper, she at length
Not caring for the tender care that bred her;
Forgets her Parent, kills the *Bird* that fed her:
The *sin* we foster in our bosom thus;
Ere we have left to feed it, feeds on us.

## XXXVIII. *On* Tobit.

WAs it not time to send his son to *Rages*,
For mony, when his *wife* spun hard for *wages*?
Was't not high time for him to post away,
That for an *Angel* paid a *Groat* a day?

## XXXIX. *On* David.

WHo ever sung so high, so rapt an *Io*
As *David*, prompted by heroick *Clio*?

But

But when thy more divine *Vrania* ſung,
What glorious Angel had ſo ſweet a tongue?
But when *Melpomene* began to ſing,
Each word's a *Rapture*, or ſome *higher thing*:
Sweet were thy *triumphs*, ſweet thoſe *joyes* of thine;
O, but thy *Tears*, were more than moſt *Divine*.

## XL. *On a Monument.*

SEeſt thou that *Mon'ment*? Doſt thou ſee how Art
Does poliſh nature to adorn each part
Of that rare work, whoſe glorious Fabrick may
Commend her beauty to an after-day?
Is't not a dainty piece? and apt to raiſe
A rare advantage to the makers praiſe?
But knowſt thou what this dainty Piece encloſes?
Beneath this glorious *Marble* there repoſes
A noiſome putrid Carkaſs, half-devour'd
By crawling *Cannibals*; diſguis'd, deflour'd
With loath'd Corruption, whoſe conſuming ſcent
Would poiſon thoughts, although it have no vent:
Ev'a ſuch a piece art thou, who ere thou be
That read'ſt theſe Lines; This *Monument* is *thee*:
Thy body is a Fabrick, wherein nature
And art conſpire to heighten up a creature
To ſome perfection, being a living Story
And rare abridgement to his Makers glory;
But full of loathſom *Filth*, and naſty *Mire*,
Of luſt, uncurb'd Affections, baſe deſire,
Curious without, but moſt corrupt within,
A glorious *Monument* of inglorious *Sin*.

## XLI. *On* Plauſus.

PLauſus has built a *Church*; And leſt his Glory
Should die, has boaſted his vain-glorious Story

Upon

Upon the painted *Wall*, and built to Fame
A large *Memorial* of his doubtful Name:
*Plausus*, 'tis bravely done, thy deeds make known,
Thou either seek'st *Gods glory*, or thy *own*.

## XLII. *On* Censorio.

THou blam'st the *Age*, condemns the *dayes* of *crimes*;
If thou wouldst mend thy *Faults*, 'twould mend the (*Times*.

## XLIII. *On Fools of both kinds.*

SOme scorn the Cross, whilst others *fall before it*;
Some *sit*, and take the Bread, and some *adore it*:
Some are too *bold*, and others too too *nice*;
*Fools act a Sin, whilst they decline a Vice.*

## XLIV. *On the Name of* Iesus.

IT is the common course of man to double
The Name of *Iesus* in the time of trouble.
The Name of *Lord* is not a style to please us,
*Iesu*'s no Lord with us; if *Lord*, no *Iesus*.

## XLV. *On the Woman with the Issue.*

HOw would thy Soul, fond Woman be assur'd
Thy long disease could be so easily cur'd?
What? couldst thou think the touch of *cloth* was good
To dry the Fountain of thy flowing blood?
Or was't because our blessed Saviour wore it?
Or why? I read not, that thou didst adore it:
He ne'r so much as own'd thee, Woman; Sure,
Thy *Faith*, and not his *Garments*, wrought the Cure.

## XLVI. *On our Redemption.*

WE were created at a *Word*, a *Breath*;
Redeemed with no leſs than *Bloud* and *Death*:
How much a greater labour is it, than
To *waſh* a Sinner, than to *make* a Man?

## XLVII. *On Gods Arm.*

'TWas not that he was *weak*; or thou ſo *ſtrong*;
*He dy'd* ſo ſoon, or that thou *liv'ſt* ſo long:
The head-ſtrong Ox is haled to the ſlaughter,
When the poor *worm* crawls many a *Summer* after,
When Heav'ns victorious *Arm* ſhall pleaſe to ſtrike,
The *Giant*, and the *Pigmie* are alike.

## XLVIII. *On our bleſſed Saviour.*

O Thou that were the *King* of Heav'n and Earth,
How poorly were thou attended at thy Birth!
A Manger was thy *Cradle*, and a Stable
Thy *Privy Chamber*, *Mari's* knees thy *Table*;
Thieves were thy *Courtiers*, and the Croſs thy *Throne*.
Thy *Dyes* Gall; A wreath of Thorns thy *Crown*;
All this the King of Glory endur'd, and more,
To make us *Kings*, that were but *Slaves* before.

## XLIX. *On Corduplo.*

KEep in thy *Actions*, and maintain the *Fences*
Of thy clos'd lips, *Corduplo*, and thy *Senſes*;
Thou ſhalt deceive both man and Devil too,
And mayeſt be damn'd, and yet thy never know;
The Devil's power of knowledge never delves
Into our hearts, till we proclaim our ſelves.

L. *On*

## L. *On Dreams.*

WHo dreams a *Sin*, and not his dreams forbid it
An entertainment, ſins as if he did it;
Which, if thy ſlumbring Soul could not prevent,
Th'rt ſafe, if thou haſt dream'd thou didſt *repent*.

## LI. *On* Adam.

HOw ſoon poor *Adam* was thy *freedom* loſt;
Forfeit to Death, e're thou hadſt time to boaſt;
Before thy Triumph, was thy Glory done,
Betwixt a *riſing* and a *ſetting* Sun:
How ſoon that ends, that ſhould have ended never!
Thine eyes ne'r ſlept, until they ſlept for ever.

## LII. *On Sins and Bleſſings.*

WE write thy *Common Bleſſings*, Lord, upon
A ſliding ſtream; no ſooner writ, but gon:
Thy more illuſtrious Favours we entruſt
To the dry Sand, deface'd with ev'ry Guſt:
But, Lord, our Scrowl of *ſins* are written down
On during Marble, or ſome harder ſtone;
And our extreme miſ-doings are thought good
To be inſcrib'd, like *Draco's Laws* in *Blood*:
Lord, let us change our *Table*, or our *Story*,
And we ſhall have more *Comfort*, thou more *Glory*.

## LIII. *On* Celia.

*Celia* complains, her heart cannot be well;
Nor will not, *Celia*, till it ceaſe to ſwell:
'Tis too too proud with blood perverſe and ſtout;
It muſt be launc'd to let the humour out:

Alas, no Launce can pierce it, it is grown
More hard than *Raunce*, or th' *Adamantine-ſtone*.
Then *Celia*, like an *Adamant*, thou muſt
Make the inciſion with her own-made *Duſt*.

### LIV. *On* Puſillus.

*Puſillus* can be jocund, never whines
When he is full; but ſtill, in want repines:
And like a bad-nos'd Hound, that hunts not true,
Hee's at a *Fault*, if not the Game in *view*:
Be well adviſ'd, *Puſillus*, Heav'n may chance,
To *pipe* no more, if thou give ore to *dance*.

### LV. *On Belief.*

THe Devils do *believe*, I know they do,
But their *belief* does make them *tremble* too.

### LVI. *On* Craſtinio.

PAſt *time* is gone, the *Future* is to be,
*Craſtinio*, ſay, which moſt belongs to thee:
The *firſt*, thou further goeſt and further from;
And thou mayſt die before the *laſt* ſhall come:
The *firſt*, *Craſtinio*, 's now grown out of date:
Perchance the *laſt* may come, but come too late:
The *Laſt*'s uncertain, and the *firſt* is gone:
The *preſent* then *Craſtinio*'s thine, or none.

### LVII. *On an Hour-glaſs.*

MAns life is like an *Hower-glaſs*, wherein
Each ſev'ral *ſand* that paſſes, is a Sin:
And when the lateſt *ſand* is ſpent and run,
Our *ſins* are finiſht, as our *lives* are done.

LVIII. *On*

## LVIII. *On* Cain.

*Cain*, 'tis true; It was, and did appear
A *Punishment* too great for thee to bear:
If thou hadst had a *Faith*, and could have bin
As much oppreſt and loaded with thy *ſin*.
Thy greater patience either might outworn it,
Or found more able *ſhoulders* to have born it.

## LIX. *On* Ticio.

*Ticio* ſtands gaping for the clouded Sun,
To be inform'd how faſt the howers run:
Ah, fooliſh *Ticio*, art thou found in mind,
To loſe by *ſeeking*, what thou ſeekſt to *find*?

## LX. *On* Sortio.

*Sortio*, thou mak'ſt a *Trade* of gaming, know
Thou break'ſt *two* great *Commandments* at a throw:
The *Third* thou break'ſt by thy abuſe of *Lot*;
Thou break'ſt the *Tenth*, that bids thee, *Covet not*:
Now tell me, *Sortio*, whether ſins moſt high,
He that plays *fair*, or he that helps a *Die*?

## LXI. *On* Raymond Sebund.

HOnour to high-brain'd *Raymond*, and no leſs
To thy renowned Scholar, great *Du Pleſſe*:
Your high attempts object to our dull ſight
The God of Nature, by dull Natures *light*:
But what has *Raymond*, and *Du Pleſsis* done?
They light but two bright *Tapers* to the Sun,

## LXII. *To* Henry *Earl of* Holland.

'Tis not the *Sun-shine* of great *Cæsar*'s Eye,
Nor our *opinion* makes thy honour flie
So fair a *pitch*; Nor need thy glory claim
Assistance from thy *Blood*, t'enrich thy Name;
But what is it that mounts thee up so high,
The *World* shall tell thee, *Henry*, and not *I*:
Blood gives no *Virtue*, nor Opinion *Glory*;
And Princely Favours are but *Transitory*;
Heav'ns *Art* is mingled with great *Cæsar*'s *Eye*:
Heav'n gave thee *wings*, and *Cæsar* bids thee *Flie*.

## LXIII. *On Drunkards and Idolaters.*

WHich is the greater Sin, and which the less?
Which finds the *sharper*? which the *milder rod*?
To turn Gods glorious Image to a *Beast*,
Or turn the Image of a Beast to *God*?
Thrice happy is that Soul, and more than thrice,
That buys no knowledge at so dear a price.

## LXIV. *On Dying.*

HE that would die once well, must often try;
Practice does bring perfection how to die:
The Law's our *Tutor*, and the World our *School*,
Wherein w'are taught by *Example*, as by *Rule*:
The Rod's *Affliction*, which being laid away,
The *Gospel* comes, and begs us leave to *play*.

## LXV. *On Ravens and Lillies.*

ARe not the *Ravens*, Great God, sustain'd by thee:
And wilt thou cloath the *Lillies*, and not me?

I'le

I'le ne're diſtruſt my God for *Cloth* and *Bread*,
Whilſt *Lillies* flouriſh, and the *Raven's* fed.

## LXVI. *On degrees of Sin.*

CUrſes proportion to the *Sins* degree:
*Adam* had *one*; *Eve* two; the Serpent, *three*.

## LXVII. *A laſt Will.*

MY Life's my *dying day*, wherein I ſtill
Am making, alter, and correct my *Will*:
My *Soul* I do bequeath to God; provided,
That ſo ſmall *Legacies* may be divided
Among my *Friends*: *Item*, my *Sins* I give
To my dear *Jeſus*, whether die or live:
*Item*, I give the World, that did refreſh
The tender frailty of my feeble Fleſh,
My leſſer *Cares*: I do bequeath moreover,
To my poor body, *home-ſpun-Cloath*, to cover,
And hide her ſhame; and *Food* for needful diet;
Some *ſleep*, but not immoderate, to quiet
Diſtemper'd *Nature*, and in her Vacation,
Some lawful *Pleaſure* for her Recreation;
My *Charity*, to my poor helpleſs brother,
I give: My *Prayers* to the true Church my *Mother*;
Whoſe watchful eyes I muſt deſire ſtill,
To be the *Over-ſeers* of my *Will*.

## LXVIII. *On our* Jeſus.

HE's like a *Rock*, which when we ſtrive to ſhun,
We are in danger to be wreckt upon;
But when our wide ſpread Arms ſeek *Refuge* there,
It will ſecure us from the *harms* we fear.

## LXIX. *To King* Charles.

THe Common-wealth is like an *Inſtrument*;
The divers ſorts of people repreſent
The *ſtrings*, all differing in *degrees*, in *places*:
Some *Trebles*, and ſome *Means*, and ſome are *Baſes*;
The potent Rulers the *Muſitians* are;
The Muſick ſometimes *peace*, and ſometimes *war*:
The Lawes are like the *Ruled-Books* that lye
Before their eyes, and which they practiſe by:
Play on, Great *Charles*, Heav'n make thy *ſtrings* as ſtrong
And true, as thou art skilful; Ravith long
The Worlds wide ears, with thy diviner *Airs*,
That whoſoever to thy Land repairs.
May thence return amaz'd, and tell the Story
Of Brittains *Triumph*, in great *Charles* his *Glory*.

## LXX. *A Riddle.*

THe Goods we ſpend, we *keep*; and what we ſave,
We *loſe*; and onely what we loſe, we *have*.

## LXXI. *On* Glorioſo.

NE'r vaunt, *Glorioſo*, that thou oft reliev'ſt
The poor; *Glorioſo*, 'tis not thine, thou giv'ſt:
Boaſt what's thine own, thou art the poor mans *Sive*;
Thy wealth was giv'n thee with a *Clauſe* to give:
Put caſe it were thy own thou gav'ſt, what then?
Thy own *Applauſe* had paid thy own agen.

## LXXII. *On* Judas.

*Two hundred pence!* what's that to thee? But ſay
That ſo much Oyntment had been caſt away;

The

The *Coyn* that paid for't, *Judas*, was not thine;
O *Judas*, that's the cauſe thou didſt *repine*.

## LXXIII. *On an* Impropriator.

LOrd, how he ſwells! as if he had had at leaſt,
A *Common-wealth* repoſed in his breaſt:
A *Common-wealth*, 'Twas ſhrewdly gueſt, I tell ye
He has a leaſh of *Churches* in his *Belly*.

## LXXIV. *On the ſame.*

PRodigious Stomack! what a cruel deal
It can devour! whole Churches at a *meal*:
'Tis very ſtrange that Nature ſhould deliver
So good a *Stomack* to ſo bad a *Liver*.

## LXXV. *On* Lucro.

LVcro, it is believ'd, thy *Conſcience*, either
Is very *wide*, or made of *ſtretching leather*.
Me thinks thy *Conſcience* rather ſeems too ſmall;
So far from *large*, I fear th'aſt *none at all*.

## LXXVI. *On* GOD.

IF thou ſhouldſt ſtrike a blow for ev'ry *ſlip*
That mortals make, or ſpur for ev'ry *trip*;
Within a moments ſpace, here would be found
No *place* let free t'inflict another wound:
*Hackneys* and ſpur-gall'd *Jades* would happier be,
And in condition, better far, than *We*.

LXXVII. *On*

## LXXVII. *On Sleep and Death.*

IT is receiv'd, that *Sleep*'s the *elder Brother*;
I see no reason for't; I think, the other:
Though *Sleep* does now uſurp the upper hand,
I'm ſure, that *Death* does ſweep away the *Land*.

## LXXVIII. *To* Rhemus.

THy Conſcience tells thee, that to make debate
'Twixt *Prince* and *People*, to ſubvert a *State*,
To violate a *Truce*, to murther *Kings*,
Are lawful; nay, are *meritorious* things:
Thou haſt a freedom more than we, wherein
To do againſt thy *Conſcience*, and not ſin.

## LXXIX. *On* Glorioſo.

HE that relieves his Brother in diſtreſs,
And ſeeks no vain *Applauſe*, does nothing leſs
Then lend to his *Redeemer*, laying down
A worthleſs *Counter*, to take up a *Crown*.
But if *vain-glory* prompt thy tongue to boaſt,
It is not *lent*, *Glorioſo*, 'tis but *loſt*.

## LXXX. *To God.*

I Wonder, Lord; thou ſhouldſt ſo much deſire
Our *younger days*, when as the green-wood fire
Of feeble *Nature* is but newly blown,
When ev'ry *Room*'s unfurniſht, and not one
Fit for the preſence of ſo great a *Gueſt*,
None trim'd with *Art*, no, not ſo much as dreſt
With *common* ſenſe, when as th'unburniſht print
Of thy fair *Image*, taken from the Mint

But

But now, has not the leaſt imbelliſhment
Of *Heav'nly knowledge*; Lord, what haſt thou ment
To make ſuch choice, to chooſe a time ſo ill,
When we have neither means, nor yet a will
To entertain? Would not our deeper *Age*
Wherein the *Toys* of Child-hood, and the *rage*,
The *fire* of luſtful Youth ſhall be abated,
Wherein our riper ſouls ſhall be eſtated
In richer *Knowledge*, and the ſtrength of *Reaſon*;
O might not, might not, this been thought a ſeaſon,
A time more aptly choſen of the twain,
For thee to come; and us to entertain?
No; thou, Great God, thou art our wiſe Creator,
Wert better read in our rebellious Nature;
Thou knewſt the Bow of our corrupted will
Stood bent to miſchief, would be *drawn* to ill
But ev'ry Arm, Thou knew'ſt that ev'ry bower
Gave new increaſe to ſtrength, and double power
To draw thoſe ſinful *ſhafts* that ſhoot at heaven;
Thou knew'ſt our eaſie *Nature* would be driven
By ev'ry Breath, and that our thoughts would fall
From bad to worſe; from worſe, to worſt of all,
Thou knewest what *growing Time* would more unlevel
Our rugged *Wills*, and took'ſt the beſt of evil:
Lord, take it, and betimes; that being poſſeſt
Of that, thou mayeſt preſcribe for all the reſt.

## LXXXI. *On* Partio.

THou ſayſt, Thy *Will* is good, and glori'ſt in it,
And yet forget'ſt thy Maker ev'ry minit:
Say *Partio*, was there ever *will* allow'd
When the Teſtator's *mem'ry* was not good?

## LXXXII. *On an evil Conſcience.*

WHat Hells of *Horrour* an evil *Conſcience* brings!
What ſtrange *Chimera's!* what prodigious *things!*
A pregnant *womb* of wonders! Ev'ry minit
We ſin, but leaſt, when moſt we ſin again it.

## LXXXIII. *To* Mundano.

NE'r think, *Mundano*, that one *Rome* will hold
Thy *God*, and all thy *gold*;
If ere they chance to meet within a heart,
They'l either fight, or part:
So long as earth ſeems glorious in thine eyes,
Thy thoughts can never riſe:
Believ't *Mundano*, by how much more near
Thou get'ſt to Heav'n, the *leſs* will earth appear.

## LXXXIV. *To my Friend.*

WOuldſt thou be proſp'rous, though the bended *brow*
Of *Fortune* threaten thee! I'le tell thee how:
Call home thy deareſt *wiſhes*, and recall
Thy *hopes*; Expect the worſt that can befall:
If 't come, thy heart will be the more ſecure,
The leſs amaz'd, and able to endure:
If it come not, *Expectance* is no loſs;
Perchance it arms thee for another *Croſs*:
Thus wiſely ſheltered under this relief,
Thy *Joy* ſhall be the leſs, and leſs thy *Grief*.

## LXXXV. *To* Malfido.

CHear up, *Malfido*, Lay thy thoughts more level;
Make ſure of *Grace*, and ne'r ſuſpect thy *Food*:

He

He that is *Good*, can give a thing that's evil
No more than thou, being *evil*, canſt wiſh a good:
He better knows to give, than thou to begge,
Thou whin'ſt for *Stones*, and grumbleſt at an *Egge*:
O, let this better will ſuſpend thy wiſh,
And thou ſhalt find no *Scorpion*, if no *Fiſh*.

## LXXXVI. *On* Crucio.

THou ſtill complain'ſt that *ſorrows* do attend thee
And that their *favours* do ſo much annoy thee;
Miſtake not, they are *weapons* to defend thee;
They be not *Engines*, *Crucio*, to deſtroy thee:
Wilt thou miſlike thy Crops of ſwelling *Corn*,
Becauſe th'are trench't, and fenc'd about with *thorn*?

## LXXXVII. *To* Rhemus.

TIs true, we are but *duſt*, but *worms*; nay men,
That are more baſe than either; And what then?
Shall *worms*, or *duſt*, or *men*, be well adviſ'd,
To go in *perſon* (where we have deſpis'd)
Before a *God*, a glorious God; I, do:
Who bids thee *Come*, will bid thee *Welcome* too:
*Rhemus* when call'd in *perſon*, you appear
By *Proxy*, tell me where's your manners, there!
'Tis better to be wiſely *bold*, than make
Thy ſelf unmannerly for *manners* ſake:
Some ill-bred Clownes there be, that being loth
To foul a *Napkin*, draw a filthy *Cloth*.

## LXXXVIII. *To* Macio.

DRoop not beneath thy wants, as if forlorn,
Thou muſt be made a *Iewel*, to be worn

In *Abr'ams bosom* : *Matio*, he that comes
To *Abr'ams bosom*, finds his ways by *Crumms*.

## LXXXIX. *On Reproof.*

TIs not enough to strive against the *Act*,
Or not to do't; we must reprove the *Fact*
In others too; the *Sin* being once made known
To us, if not reprov'd, becomes our *own*;
We must *dissuade* the Vice we scorn to *follow*;
We must *spit out*, as well as never *swallow*.

## XC. *On* Curio.

TWo *Ears* to let in *Knowledge* Nature gave;
To entertain true *Faith*, one *Heart* we have;
Why so? I'le tell thee, *Curio*, in brief,
Our *knowledge* twice exceeds our *half belief*.

## XCI. *On* Zelustus.

*Zelustus* thinks his pains are worth his labour
If he love *God*, though he traduce his *Neighbour*;
His hot-mouth *Zeal* false-gallops on so fast
In the *First Table*, 't tyers in the *last*;
Art thou a faithful *Steward* of Gods store,
*Zelustus*, that spend'st *Six*, and keep'st but *Four*?

## XCII. *On* Philautos.

PHilauto's Charity is like a *Mouse*
That keeps at home, and never leaves the house
Till it be fit'd: It stirs for no mans cause,
Unless to feed on *Crumms* of vain Applause;
Take heed *Philautos*, lest thou heed too late,
The *Mouse*, in time, will eat up thy *Estate*.

XCIII. *On*

## XCIII. *On* Dubius.

*Dubius*, Thy ears are *two*, thy tongue but *one*;
*Hear* God and Priest, *Confess* to God alone.

## XCIV. *To Sir* Iulius Cæsar, *Master of the Rolls.*

THe high *Perfections*, wherewith heav'n does please
To crown our transitory days, are these;
*Goods* well possest, and not possessing thee
A faithful *Friend*, equal in love, degree:
*Lands* fruitful, and not conscious of a *Curse*;
A boastless *hand*; a Charitable *purse*,
A smiling *Conscience*; A contented *Mind*;
A sober knowledge, with true *Wisdom* joyn'd:
A *Breast* well temper'd; *Dyet* without Art,
Surfeit, or warm; A wisely simple *Heart*;
*Pastimes* ingenuous, lawful, manly, sparing;
A *Spirit* not contentious, rash, but daring;
A *Body* healthful, sound, and fit for labour;
H *House* well order'd, and an equal *Neighbour*;
A prudent *Wife*, and constant to the roof;
Sober, but yet not sad, and fair enough;
*Sleep* seasonable, moderate, and secure:
*Actions* heroick, constant, blameless, pure,
A life as long as fair; and when expir'd,
A glorious *Death*, unfear'd, as undesir'd.

## XCV. *On* Lucro.

*Lucro*, how poor thy *Tyrant wealth* had made thee?
How miserable poor! it has betray'd thee
To thy own seeming self; And it is grown
As little thine, or less, than thou, thy own:

Alas

Alas, poor *Lucro*, how thy fruitful pawns
Abuse thy Stomack, that so often yawns
For a good Morsel, while thy *Saints* does rome
Like a *Decoy* t'entice ev'l *Angels* home;
Whose more imperious presence must controul
And fright the peace of thy perplexed Soul!
*Lucro*, be slave no longer to thy pelf;
Subdue thy Gold, and make thy self, thy self:
But if thy *Saint* be grown too strong for thee;
I'le tell thee *Lucro*, turn thy *Saint* to me.

## XCVI. *On* Mendax.

FAir-spoken *Mendax*, on the least occasion,
Swears by his *Faith*, and by his own *Salvation*.
Is rash-brain *Mendax* well-advised then,
To pawn his Faith in *God*, for Faith with *Men*?
Sure small's thy Wit or Credit to be drawn,
For *Wares* so poor, to leave so great a *Pawn*.

## XCVII. *On* Blandus.

WHen e're I wish my *Blandus* a good Morrow
He is my *Servant*: If I come to borrow,
Or but salute my *Blandus* passing by,
I am your *Servant*, *Blandus* does reply:
If court my *Blandus*, I must understand,
He is my *Servant*, and does kiss my hand:
Discourse with *Blandus*, ev'ry Clause shall be
I am your *Servant*; if he drink to me,
My *Servant* does it; I return his love,
My *Servant* pledges; if my lips do move
A Suit, he is my *Servant*; though I do
Abuse my *Blandus*, hee's my *Servant* too:
How blest am I, his service should be such
To me! He never told his God so much.

How

How much, dear *Blandus*, hast thou bound me thine
That art his *Servant*, not so much as mine!

## XCVIII. *On* Rebellio.

THe stout *Rebellio*, scourged by his God,
Slights his Correction, and ne'r owns the Rod:
Take heed, *Rebellio*; Be not stout too long;
Neglected *stripes* do oft return more strong;
A stubborn *silence* more ill nature shows,
Than *sobs* of Stomack, and deserves more blows.

## XCIX. *On God and Gold.*

MY *God* and *Gold* cannot possess one heart:
My *God* and I, or *Gold* and I, must part.

## C. *To* James *Archbishop of* Armagh.

REnowned *Prelate*, I nor know, nor care,
What secret vertu'es in Saint *Patricks Chair*,
If any; I dare boldly say, 'tis more
Since thou sat'st there, than ere it was before:
Go on, great *Patriarch*; If thy higher Story
(As sure it will) shall down S. *Patrick's glory*;
*Iêrna* will (as now *Iêrna* vaunts)
Be known, as well as call'd, *The Isle of Saints*.

## CI. *On a waking Conscience.*

THere is a kind of *Conscience* some men keep,
Is like a member that's benum'd with sleep;
Which as it gathers bloud, and wakes agen,
It *shoots*, and *pricks*, and *feels* as big as *ten*

## CII. *On our Affections.*

O How preposterous *Affections* burn!
We *serve* the world, love God to serve our turn.

## CIII. *On* Zelustus.

*Zelustus* wears his cloaths, as he were clod
To frighten *Cremus*, and not to serve his *God*;
As if the Symptoms of *Regeneration*
Were nothing but a Christian *out of fashion*.

## CIV. *On* Rebellio.

WHat? ever whining? evermore alike, (strike
Both when *Heav'n* strikes, and when he leaves to
Not stroke thy stomack down, when as thy God
Is friends with thee, and thrown aside the Rod?
Take heed, *Rebellio*, heav'n do not reply
Upon thy *Sobbs*, and he that made thee cry
For thy own good, reward not thy repining
With a new *Rod*, and scourge thee worse for *whining*.

## CV. *On* Zelustus.

NOt thy *Geneva*-Ruffe, nor steeple-*Hat*
With flagging *Eaves*, or *Cypareß* out of date;
Thy nock-shorn *Cloak*, with a round narrow Cape;
Thy *Russet hose*, cross-garter'd with a *Tape*;
Thy Antick *Habit* of the old Translation,
Made for the purpose in despight of *Fashion*;
'Tis none of these, *Zelustus*, that can bring
Thy zeal in credit; none of these can wring
The least applause from heav'n, Heaven never meant
A Christians *Conscience* should be bound or bent

To

To *ſnapes*; *Zeluſtus*, we can ſcarce divide
An *Affectation* from a ſecret *Pride*.

## CVI. *On Conſcio.*

ART thou revil'd, and ſlander'd? and yet whine?
I fear th'art guilty; Is that heart of thine
So faint (if guiltleſs) that it cannot ſtoop
Beneath ſo poor a *burthen*, and not droop?
He that has fire at home may well refrain
To blow his fingers, *Conſcio*, or complain
The weather's cold abroad: make ſure within,
And let them cenſure, let them ſnarle again.
Thou mayeſt *appear*, but not be this the worſe;
If *Conſcience* bleſs thee; Do, let *Shimei* curſe.

## CVII. *To God.*

THy ſacred will be done, great God,
To ſpend, or to ſuſpend, thy *Rod*:
If poſſible, my will's to miſs it;
If otherwiſe, to ſtoop, and *kiſs it*.

## CVIII. *On Devotion.*

WE muſt not onely *be* to God, but *ſhow*
To man; *Pauls cloak* muſt be remembred too.

## CIX. *On the Chriſtian.*

TIs not enough that the *King's Daughter* ſhould
Be *fair* within, ſhe muſt be clad in *Gold*;
The curious *Needle-work* cloaths her whiter skin;
Shee's rich *without*, and glorious all *within*:
The true-born *Chriſtian* muſt as well be clod
With *lives* to men, as lin'd with *hearts* to God.

### CX. *On Mercy and Justice.*

GOds *Mercy* and his *Justice* is the same:
'Tis but the *Object* that divides the Name.

### CXI. *On* Aulicus.

BEfore that *Aulicus* was made a Lord,
He was my Friend, we might exchange a word,
As well as hearts: he could be never weary
Of my society, was jocund, merry,
Ingenuous, and as jealous to offend;
He was enjoy'd, he could enjoy his friend:
But now he swells, looks big, his favours change,
As well as fortunes; Now his eyes are strange,
His thoughts are *Conncels*, curious *webs* of State;
And all his actions must be wonder'd at:
His speeches must be *Laws*, and every word
An *Oracle*, to be admir'd, ador'd;
Friendship must now be *service*: A new mold
Must have new *Matter*, melted from the old:
O, *Aulicus* 'twere well, if thou couldst do
The very same in *spiritual honour* too.

### CXII. *To* Rhemus.

FAith must be joyn'd to works, *Rhemus*, I wonder,
What God has joyn'd, thou dar'st presume to sunder!

CXIII. *On*

## CXIII. *On* Tortus.

'Tis nor the bearing of the *Croſs*, or *Cup*
Of thy affliction; Thou muſt take them up:
Nor is't the taking up alone, will do,
*Tortus*, thou muſt, *take up*, and *follow* too.

## CXIV. *On* Gracchus.

*Gracchus* ſo often did repeat a *Lye*,
Paſt on with credit, from his very youth,
That now his conſcience has forborn to cry
Againſt it, and perſwade him 'tis a *Truth*:
'Tis well for *Gracchus*, he has gain'd thereby,
He now may tell the ſame, and never lye.

## CXV. *On* Phares.

THou ſay'ſt, It is a *Supper*, and it's fit
To uſe the *Poſture* of a *Meal*, to ſit;
Can thy Diſcretion, *Phares*, or thy zeal?
Give *carnal geſtures* to a *ſpiritual Meal*?
A heavenly *Supper*, and a fleſhly *Heart*?
Thy *poſture* has diſcover'd *what thou art*.

## CXVI. *On the ſame.*

YOu'l take it *ſitting*: Pray, and no man know it:
You'l do, and yet you will not ſeem to do it:
You'l bow your *Heart*, although you bend no *Knee*:
'Tis like your *Self*; you ſeem not what you be.

CXVII. To

## CXVII. *To my* Book.

SO, Now 'tis time to wean thee from my breast;
Thy *Teeth* grow sharp, *my Babe*, it will be best
For both: Thy hasty *Nurse* is come to take thee
From my fond *arms*, ne't whimper, he will make thee
*A dainty golden Coat*: Let it suffice thee,
Thou art mine still, howere: Thy *Nurses* will *prize* thee
For his own sake, and thine; when thou art strong,
And sure of foot hee'l let thee sport among
Thy *fellow-Children*, He will let thee see
The *World*, which thou hadst never seen with me:
Thou mayst do well, if *Fortune* strike thee luck
And fair *Opinion*; Thou didst never suck
But one *Good Friday*, and thou mayst improve
As well in *Merit*, as in popular love;
Thou hast *six Brethren* (born as well as thee
Of a free *Muse*) legitimate and free;
*Pages* to *Cæsar*, and in *Cæsar*'s Court;
Besides an *Ishmael*, that attends the Port
Of a great *Lord*, an honourable *Peer*
Of this best *Realm*; if ere thou wander there,
They'l bid thee welcome, at the times of leisure,
Perchance, and bring thee to the hand of *Cæsar*:
Thou art but young and tender, (for who knows
The *paths* of *Fate*?) perhaps, and one of those
Whom *Clotho* favours not, perchance thy *Twine*
May be produc'd (for thou art half *divine*)
To after-Ages, to the utmost date
Of time, who knows? but we subscribe to *Fate*:
Perchance thy fortune's to be bought and sold,
Was not young *Ioseph* serv'd the like of old?
Thy bondage may, like his be made, perchance,
*A step to Honour*, and a means t'advance

Thy

Thy higher fortunes, and prepare thy *hand*
To ease a *dearth*, if *dearth* should strike the Land:
But I trangress, *my Babe*; 'Tis time to part,
The *Laws* of nature break the *Rules* of Art;
Once more, farewell, let *Heav'ns* high blessing shine
On my *poor Babe*, as my *poor Babe* has mine.

The end of the fourth and last *Book*.